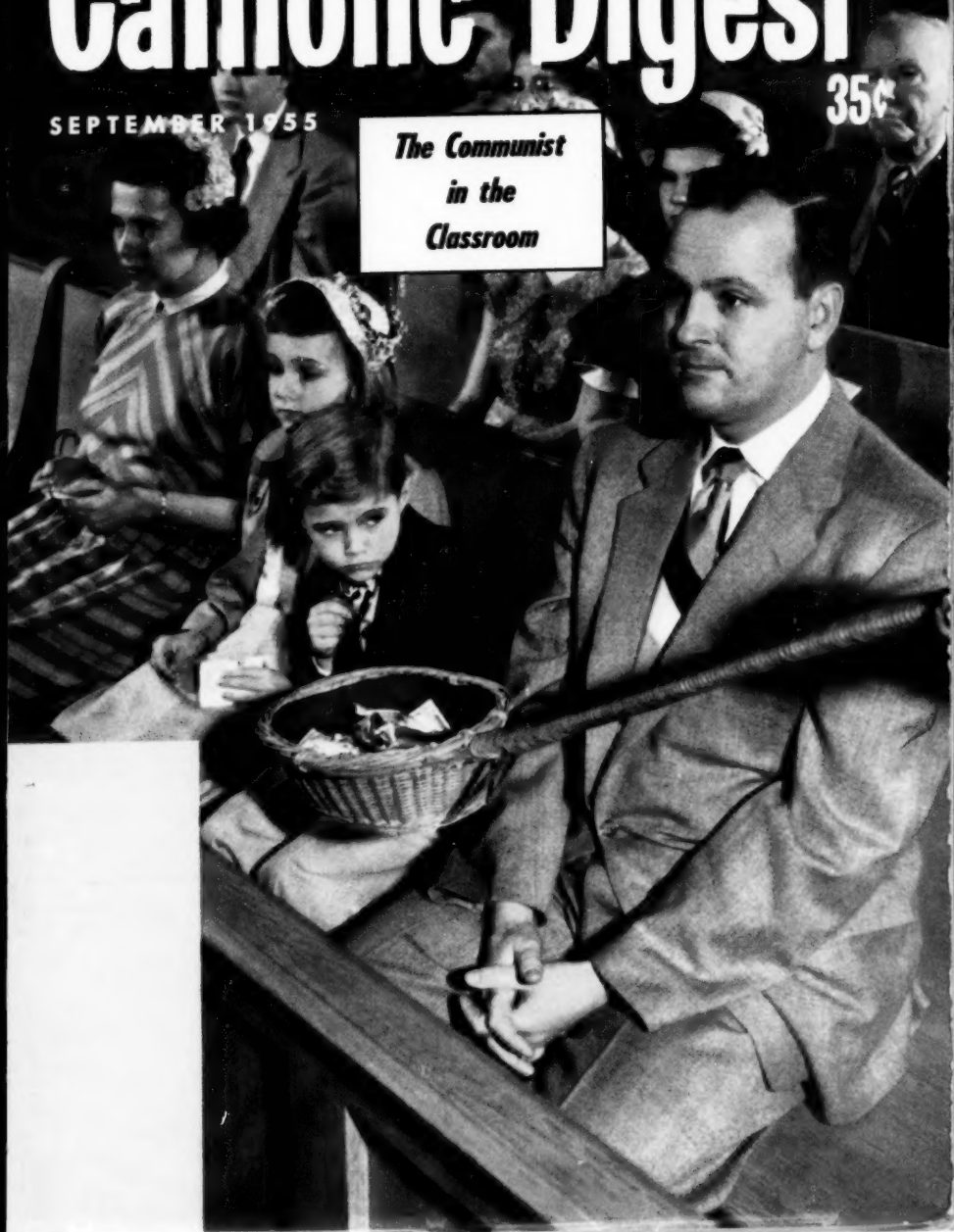


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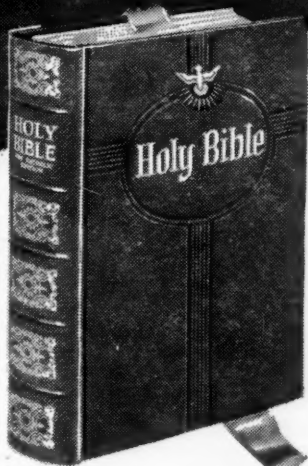
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VOL. 19

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# The Communist in the Classroom

*Lenin's master plan is still in operation; the Red drive  
to capture our youth has not abated*

By CHARLES OXTON

DON'T EXPECT communist teachers in American public schools or state universities to be wild-eyed, disheveled rabble rousers of the old Union Square soapbox breed. They are more likely to be soft-spoken, apparently cultured men and women who speak glowingly of the brotherhood of man but carefully omit any reference to the fatherhood of God. Their technique is so subtle, their approach so indirect, that hardly one case out of 1,000 of outright subversion can be detected.

In a public school in Illinois, a 2nd-grade teacher plays a Young People's Record club disc entitled *Building a City*, and warns her youthful, captive audience, "Always remember that cities are built by the workers, the men who push the wheelbarrows, saw the wood, run the steam shovels, and lay the bricks." Never does she mention the fact that architects draw up the plans, that manufacturing plants provide the materials, that banks and private capital underwrite most of the cost of construction.

In the 6th grade of a New England school, a teacher covers the walls of the classroom with maps of the world, but omits the map of the U.S. When a pupil asks the reason for the omission, she replies, "Children are citizens of the world above everything else. They should not have an exaggerated idea of the importance of their own country."

During a discussion of the marital exploits of a Hollywood actress, a New York teacher cautions a group of 8th-grade girls against forming any judgments on the morality of the star's behavior. "There's no such thing as good or bad, right or wrong," she tells them. "It's all relative. If something hurts a majority of people, then it may be curbed. If it doesn't hurt them, it should be left alone. This actress hasn't hurt anyone. All she's trying to do is get some happiness out of life. That's what we're all here for. How we go about it is no one's business but our own."

In a tenement-ringed Midwest

high school, a teacher tells students who have been getting into trouble with the police, "You don't have to take that stuff from the cops. They never give the little guys a break. If you have any more trouble, come and see me. I'll take care of it."

A college professor refers to George Washington as a man whose interests were those of the "ruling class" rather than those of the "man in the street," and he advises his students to remember that fact in submitting their term papers.

At the graduate school of a well-known state university, a lecturer declares, "The scientific method has proved itself the only reliable means of discovering the realities of existence; it is the new authentic revelation. Faith in God and authority, ideas of soul and immortality, belief in divine grace, stable institutions, and automatic progress have been made impossible for the educated mind of today."

Taken individually, these cases may seem insignificant. Considered cumulatively, they are something else. Sound-thinking educators at every level, teachers who have been guilty of poor judgment in the performance of their duties and have reformed, friendly witnesses who have appeared before Congress-

sional investigating committees—all are of the same opinion: that the frequency of cases of "slanted" teaching indicates a deliberate attempt to make over our youth. The Reds want our youth to become what Louis Budenz, former editor of the communist *Daily Worker* and one-time member of the Red "politburo" in the U.S., calls the "men without faces," robots who acknowledge no deity, living dead with no minds of their own.

From all available evidence uncovered to date, the Red campaign to infect our children with atheism and materialism contains three distinct operations: acts of omission, commission, and fraternization.

The first operation involves a deliberate ignoring of discipline in the classroom, to instill in pupils a disrespect for law and authority. A case in point the teacher who told his delinquent students, "You don't have to take that stuff from the cops. They never give the little guys a break."

The second operation concerns itself with slanted teaching. Motives and ideals of our national heroes are questioned, and, frequently, subtly ridiculed. Instructors seek thus to weaken love of country. They ignore formal syllabi for teacher guidance and minimize academic



competition in the classroom on the ground that it makes for jealousy among students; they interpret all social, economic, and political problems in terms of a "class struggle."

The third operation requires teachers to become "good Joes" with their students, appearing always to be fighting for what is idealistic. Boys and girls tend to idolize those they consider to be their champions.

Dr. William H. Withers, a teacher at Queens college, New York City, told a Senate investigating committee not long ago, "Communists choose fields where the appeal can be made on a purely emotional and personal basis. An athletic coach, because of his intimate relationship with students, can make such an appeal in terms of good fellowship, of personal contact. Communists also go into fields in which the pros and cons of Marxism are not likely to be subject to any kind of thoroughgoing theoretical criticism."

The immediate result of these tactics is to sow confusion among young people as to just what they should believe and what goals they should pursue. The second result is rebellion against authority in the home, school, government. Boys and girls who fail to receive proper guidance and counsel turn against those whose duty they believe it is to provide those things.

This second result, on the sworn

testimony of Dr. Bella V. Dodd, former member of the National committee of the Communist party and one-time teacher at Hunter college, New York, is the first goal of all communist activity in our schools. Dr. Dodd quoted from a directive issued by the Communist party under the title *The Schools Are the People's Front*. "The rebelliousness of school children against a part of the state machinery, together with their desire for knowledge and social life, must form the starting point for our work among students."

How many communists are operating in our schools is a matter of guessing. The Party has discontinued issuance of membership cards. Budenz puts the number of professors who are members of communist fronts or engaged in allied activities at 3,500, but adds quickly, "Two or three communists on any faculty are normally enough to dominate the school or campus." Dr. Dodd stated that the peak of communist strength among teachers and college professors (that is, actual members under strict party discipline) is "about 1,500" out of a total party membership of "maybe 75,000." But, like Budenz, Dr. Dodd hastens to say, "You must not only count noses among communists; you must weigh the intensity with which they are trained and educated. You yourself may believe in something intense, but if you were a com-

munist, you would be reporting to someone and getting instructions from someone every two weeks so that your line wouldn't waver. Your intensity would multiply manyfold."

"How is the party line injected into the classroom?" Dr. Dodd was asked.

"In the nursery schools, you begin by emphasizing material values," she replied. "You eliminate from the nursery rhymes anything that has to do with religion. You deal with Christmas as a pagan holiday. You follow the educational theory that the child is just a blank page and learns only by doing."

"Is this true also of the higher levels of education?" another questioner asked.

"Yes, definitely," was the reply. "The communist teacher functions within all the organizations on the campus in affecting the students' thinking. He helps choose books for the library. He endeavors to establish curricula for the colleges. If you go through school catalogues for the period from 1925 to about 1948 or 1949, you will find that most of them have dropped all their courses in ethics and religion. Even the law schools have dropped their courses in constitutional law, which emphasized God-given rights and responsibilities. It is a method of despiritualizing America."

Not every teacher who does the work of the communists in the

classroom is a Party member. Witnesses who have appeared before the various House and Senate investigating committees have testified to that. They have also testified that dupes of the Reds in the classroom follow the line of "progressive" education initiated by Dr. John Dewey, which stresses "activity programs" in place of the more formal methods of instruction and which substitutes "individual experience" for facts and truth.

As one school principal put it, "Pupils are allowed to dictate what they shall and shall not study, what they shall and shall not believe. They're taken on trips to museums and power plants and railroad sidings and told to describe their reactions. They don't have to know the facts of history, or the principles of internal combustion. They are taught to think of everything in terms of the social and economic impact on civilization."

This situation takes on even more ominous overtones when it is realized that this "progressive" method of "activity schooling," while it originated with Dewey, is not something peculiarly American. It may surprise many parents and not a few misguided teachers to know that the Soviet Union experimented with it for 15 years, from 1917 until 1932, to break down belief in God, in the dignity of the home, in moral responsibility.

In a booklet entitled '*Progressive*'

*Poison in Public Education*, Milo F. McDonald, one of the founders of the American Education association, tells us that "Lenin saw in the activity program a means of breaking down among youth a respect for authority. He saw in the appeal to youth to settle their own problems, even those of love, marriage, and of sex relationships, an opportunity of playing havoc with the deep religious convictions of the Russian people."

How well Lenin succeeded is evident from a startling account which appeared in the New York *Times* during the tail end of the "great experiment." It told of wandering hordes of Soviet children, boys and girls alike, who had become juvenile delinquents of the worst type. It told of the alarming incidence of sexual promiscuity and abnormality among them. It concluded with the observation that normal life in the USSR had apparently become an impossibility.

In 1932, however, as Dr. McDonald points out, all this changed—on orders from the Kremlin. The time was ripe to re-shape Soviet youth into a disciplined, materialistic force whose gods were to be Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin. Scholarship and discipline were made part of the daily school routine. A picture of Stalin was hung in every classroom. Absolute and unswerving loyalty to the state was emphasized in every textbook.

The communist experiment with "progressive" education was ended.

It wasn't at an end elsewhere, unfortunately. In the U.S., it was just getting under way. Dr. George S. Counts, one of Dewey's disciples at Teacher's college, Columbia university, had made three trips to Russia during the years of the "great experiment," and when he returned he brought back with him techniques used in the activity programs of the Soviet schools.

In 1935, the activity program was introduced into American public education, with the first point of penetration the elementary-school division of the public schools of New York City. Now, 20 years later, we are reaping the results. We have succeeded in raising what Dr. Nathan S. Pusey, president of Lawrence college, once called a generation of "happy illiterates," who have little or no idea of moral truths, spiritual values, or even the most fundamental academic demands. We have given the Reds the golden opportunity to take the educational flotsam and jetsam and use them to engulf our world.

According to the testimony of those who have seen the communist conspiracy at first hand, or who have actually been a part of it, the strategy to get rid of what the Reds call "conservative reactionaries" in the teaching profession falls into three parts.

1. Indoctrinate all non-communist teachers wherever it is possible.



2. If this fails, vilify and ridicule them at every opportunity, at school meetings, at parent-teacher gatherings, in front of their pupils.
3. If both these methods fail, take away all vestige of responsibility from them; give them the "silent treatment"; leave them strictly alone until they either quit or retire.

At parent-teacher meetings, Reds have retained the communist strategy of coming early and staying late. They propagandize and vote for candidates of their own choosing. They develop pressure groups to bring stubborn school officials into line.

One principal told me angrily, "I've been trying for three years to have a regular syllabus of instruction for my teachers. Every time it looks as if I'm going to succeed, the pressure starts to build up. I'm besieged with letters and bombarded with phone calls. I'm told to leave well enough alone. I'm even called a fascist for wanting to see that the kids get a normal, decent education."

God-fearing parents can do six things to protect their children's minds from communist influence.

1. Constantly check on the things their children are taught in the classroom.

2. Make it their business to know the teachers.

3. Inform themselves on all

phases of communist strategy, such as the use of patriotic labels to disguise a subversive intent; the insincere support of legitimate causes (need for more schools, higher pay, and better conditions for teachers); boiling all educational questions down to class warfare; the emphasis on "freedom of expression" as a substitute for obedience to moral law.

4. Become a member of some PTA group. If leftist elements have endeavored to penetrate it, you can raise your voice against theirs.

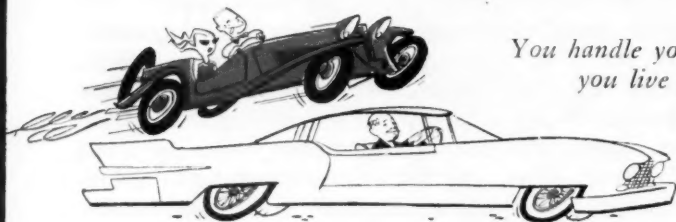
5. Investigate the school library facilities. Not all books on school library shelves are aids to knowledge. Some by leftist authors such as Howard Fast and Anna Louise Strong are poison.

6. Actively support school officials who are fighting to free our youth from communist influence.

Every legitimate means should be taken to dispel the idea that communist teachers have any right to teach in our schools. "Communism," Dr. Dodd told the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, "is a total philosophy. If you believe in it, you live it, you breathe it, you teach it. You cannot separate yourself, and say, 'Now I am a teacher of mathematics; now I am a communist.' You are a total personality with your total philosophy, and you take it with you seven days a week, 24 hours a day."



# Your Driving Unmasks You



*You handle your car the way  
you live your life*

By JOHN E. GIBSON

**T**HE WAY A man drives shows you his character. Psychologists and sociologists have made fascinating discoveries in this field. They enable you to gain remarkable insight into another person's character just by observing his driving habits. Let's take a look at their findings.

**Q.** To what extent does a man's driving reveal his character?

**A.** It reveals more about his personality than almost anything else he does. Personality traits which may be completely concealed at other times tend to be given full expression when a man is driving. Says Dr. Alan Canty, psychiatrist at Detroit's Traffic clinic, "It is often observed that 'so-and-so is an entirely different person when he gets behind the wheel of his car.' This is not so. His personality does not change." But there is one significant difference: when the driver is in his car he is much freer to show unsocial, irresponsible, or even antisocial traits he normally does his best to conceal.

**Q.** What about the driver who begins to assert himself as soon as he gets behind the wheel, making other drivers give way to him, and generally throwing his weight around?

**A.** Psychiatrists at a leading Midwest traffic clinic show that he is very likely to be either a henpecked husband, browbeaten by his boss at the office, or dominated and ordered about by fellow employees. The only chance he gets to assert himself comes when he gets into his car. He feels the equal of anybody then—and feeds his undernourished ego by intimidating other drivers. But as soon as he's out of his car, he reverts to type and becomes meek and self-effacing again.

**Q.** What about the person who "drives with his horn"?

**A.** We all know the horn-honker. If you don't move the split second the traffic light changes, you can expect a blast from his horn. He has a field day in traffic jams, and seldom uses the brake when

he feels that the horn will suffice. While horn-honking is a sign of emotional immaturity, studies show that it also indicates extreme mental and physical tension. The tension-ridden horn-honkers usually get into trouble. Psychiatrist Lowell S. Selling has pointed out, "When a person drives through traffic under tension he is likely to come to grief because his judgment is warped."

Q. What about the slow driver who stubbornly refuses to move over so that you can pass him?

A. Even though he has plenty of room, this type of driver won't budge an inch to permit you to go by. Sounding your horn seldom does any good, but instead seems to strengthen his determination.

This type infests the highways on week ends especially. To describe him merely as maladjusted understates the case. As psychiatrist David H. Fink points out, inner conflicts and frustrations have warped his personality to the point where he feels a hostile attitude toward people in general. He takes a perverse satisfaction in thwarting others, and enjoys driving a car because it provides him with unlimited means of expressing his hostility.

Q. Why do so many women tend to drive in the middle of the road?

A. The odds are better than even

that a woman driving down the middle of the road is suffering from claustrophobia, a fear of being shut in. She feels safer away from the sides of the road, despite the fact that the middle of the highway is the most dangerous place she could be.

Scientists discovered this fact quite by accident. At Detroit's famed Traffic Clinic, psychiatrist Lowell S. Selling noticed that women felt most comfortable when just as far from either curb as driving conditions would permit.

After ruling out all other possible causes, Dr. Selling and his colleagues discovered that the middle-of-the-road tendency was due to claustrophobia, which affects women far more than men.

Q. Can you size up a man's personality by noting the frequency with which he collects "traffic scars," such as dented fenders and smashed radiator grills?

A. Yes. Wide-scale studies conducted at the University of Western Ontario by psychiatrist William A. Tillman prove conclusively that a man drives the way he lives.

Tillman found that two-thirds of the drivers who had frequent accidents had a record of antisocial behavior (brawls, thefts, and assorted felonies and misdemeanors). Of the drivers who seldom had traffic accidents, only 9% had bad misconduct records.

Q. Does the way a man drives reveal his personal philosophy?

A. Yes. The Eno Foundation for Highway Traffic Control made a careful survey of a typical cross section of U.S. drivers. The drivers were divided into two groups: those who seldom had accidents, and those who had them comparatively frequently. Psychologists then subjected both groups to a battery of personality tests.

Results showed that the attitudes, world outlook, and entire philosophy of life of the safe driver differ sharply from those of the careless driver.

The tests showed, for example, that the drivers most subject to accidents tended far more than the others did toward the following attitudes.

That the world wasn't giving them a square deal.

That police were corrupt, and that almost anything can be "fixed" in the courts if you have enough money.

That success in life depends more on luck than ability.

That it's all right to "get around" the law, if you don't actually break it.

That dishonesty is justified when used to get oneself out of trouble.

Q. Can science give us a personality profile of the careless driver?

A. Yes. University of Western Ontario sociologists have scientifically documented a composite pic-

ture of the driver who is traffic-accident prone.

*Family history:* parental divorce rate high. Gross disharmony among parents; one or both parents excessively strict.

*Work record:* frequent short jobs; fired often; seldom got along well with the boss.

*Social adjustment:* many acquaintances, but few friends. Few hobbies. His chief interests: sporting events, gambling, drinking, occasional dancing.

*Marital adjustment:* if married, he tends to step out on his wife. Irresponsible toward family's welfare. Tendency toward promiscuity.

*Behavior patterns:* emotionally immature; he takes advantage of every opportunity to impress others. Tends to live beyond his means. Credit-bureau checks showed that well over a third were almost always in debt, and were poor credit risks. (Of those in the safe-driver group, only 6% had bad credit records.)

*Philosophical outlook:* tends to be materialistic, with little concern for moral or spiritual considerations. Inclined to be fatalistic ("what's going to happen is going to happen, and there's nothing I can do about it"). Rebellious attitude toward discipline or routine.

In view of all of science's findings, it would seem to be clear that the unsafe driver would be an ill-mannered person socially as well as on the highway.

# Father Reinhold Fights On

*He rocks the boat only to prove it is seaworthy*

By WARREN G. BOVEE

Condensed from *Today*\*

**A** PRIEST WAS walking up a flight of steps at a meeting of the National Liturgical conference. As he reached the top, a man touched his elbow. "Well, Father," asked the man, "when are you going to start a fight?"

The question didn't startle the priest, for he has been fighting for one thing or another nearly all his life. He is Father Hans Anscar Reinhold, one of the most influential leaders of the Liturgical movement in America.

Today, Father Reinhold's fights are not physical combats. Years ago, when he fought with the German army in the 1st World War or when he was pushing both the communists and the nazis out of his Seamen's institute in Bremerhaven, Germany, they were. Today he wages verbal battles. And, though he often regrets that he has become associated with the no-

holds-barred type of writing and speaking, he does not deny that his reputation is well founded.

When you meet Father Reinhold, you have trouble matching the reputation to the man. You see a medium-sized, rather handsome priest, quick in his movements but devoid of any unusual aggressiveness. His head is touched with the gray of middle age. His eyes smile behind rimless glasses. The left corner of his mouth turns upward in friendliness.



When he sits at a table to talk with you—hands on table, fingers twined, touching thumbtips pointing upwards—he does not growl nor snarl, does not pontificate. His words are moderate, and he seems more eager to ask questions than to answer them.

Yet this is "H.A.R.," who for 15 years wrote that robust column, "Timely Tracts," in *Worship* (for-

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merly *Oratre Fratres*) magazine, a column written with such forthrightness as to evoke indignation even unto subscription cancellations. This is the writer whose articles in *Commonweal* as often as not arouse readers to send in outraged (and, sometimes, outrageous) replies. This is the priest whose aims for the reform of the liturgy startle the uninitiated with their boldness.

Hans Reinhold was born in Hamburg in 1897, and received his primary education in that north German city.

When he was 15, he and his classmates were assigned an essay commemorating the 25th anniversary of Kaiser Wilhelm's accession to the throne. All the other students handed in pieces extolling the militaristic prowess of the German emperor. But the theme which young Hans submitted bore the title, "The Kaiser Is an Admirable Man Because He Did Not Go to War." The essay proved poor prophecy. Yet it demonstrated an independence of thought that has since been re-echoed again and again.

But when the war began, young Reinhold immediately attempted to enlist. At the age of 16 he tried to get into the navy, but was told he was too young. So he waited a month, and then became a private in the field artillery. There is no contradiction in this peace-loving youth's becoming a soldier. The

German propaganda of that period, he points out, had convinced his people that Germany had been attacked by Russia and was fighting in self-defense. To join that fight seemed at the time the proper thing to do.

The Armistice, which made him happy, was followed by revolution, which made him unhappy. After his discharge from the service, he returned to Hamburg only to find the city in uproar. The socialists were fighting the communists for control of the country. Mob executions, looting, street fighting were common. "This," he declared, "I did not fight for," and he left the city of his birth, traveled to Freiburg in southern Germany, and walked the war out of his system in the quiet pathways of the Black Forest.

But what does one do when he has rid his spirit of the stains of wartime and postwar disillusionment? Something must be put back in, or the man walks around as an empty shell. The war had ended in defeat; the Armistice had brought, not peace, but anarchy. Whole generations have become "lost" under such blows, but Hans Reinhold searched out a new life. The turning point came with his discovery of a small book, Romano Guardini's *The Spirit of the Liturgy*.

"I still remember a gloomy January afternoon in 1919," he has written, "when I first saw this



handsome little book in a shop window in Freiburg. It attracted my attention, I must confess, primarily because of its good-looking format—then quite an exception for a 'pious' book. That evening I read it twice. I got so excited about it that I could not sleep that night. The legalistic body of restrictions and commandments which I used to defend had given way to the vision of Christ's mystical Body and the incredible beauty of his mystical life among us through his sacraments and mysteries."

Hans had been brought up among a Catholic minority. Attendance at Mass had been stressed as an obligation; it therefore became a chore. As a boy, Hans had asked his religion teacher to explain the Mass. The teacher had told him that this happens, and then this, and then this. "Yes, but what *is* the Mass?" Hans had asked again. The teacher described only the externals.

Guardini's book made clear what never had been clear to him before. It suggested a new way of life, which Hans was quick to follow. He began studying philosophy at the University of Freiburg. In 1920, he attended the Jesuit seminary at Innsbruck, Austria. The following year he made two trips to Rome, then spent a year with the Benedictines at the Abbey of Maria Laach, and followed that with a boat trip to Indonesia. He added Hebrew and Greek to his growing

list of languages (which now includes German, English, French, Latin, Spanish, Italian, Russian, and Polish). He was ordained in 1925.

All the while, he grew in knowledge and love of the liturgy. As his first clerical assignment, he was sent to a resort town on the Baltic sea. There he "tried out" the liturgy on the summer tourists. He found them hungry for such revitalized spiritual food. But he still had much to learn, and it was with delight that he received orders to enroll in the Archaeological institute in Rome. There he not only could learn but could also continue his "occasional outbursts" on the liturgy in magazine articles and book reviews.

It was a happy life, but it did not last long. His bishop next assigned him as chaplain to work with the seamen at the German port of Bremerhaven.

Always for the underdog, Father Reinhold found no difficulty in developing an interest in the spiritual and physical needs of the German seamen. Soon he was writing a monthly magazine for the sailors and a bimonthly newsletter for officers. In 1930, Father Reinhold, with other national and local directors of seamen's work, helped found the International council of the Apostleship of the Sea.

Father Reinhold later was named to the executive board of the international organization, and traveled

through Europe, meeting chancellors and cardinals, deck hands and first officers. He saw the spiritual and political dangers of communism and fought the Red infiltration wherever he found it. But in his opposition to the far left he did not permit himself, as others did, to tumble too far to the right. He saw the evil squatting on both banks, and fought both nazis and communists.

In the Germany of the early 30's, that was not a popular thing to do. Came the Blood Purge, the death of Hindenburg, and the re-arming of Germany; and Father Reinhold's opposition to the nazis became intense.

Then, one day in 1935, five agents of the secret police called on him, and forcibly evicted him from his job. Later the same year, he was forced to leave Germany altogether. After a year as a curate in Interlaken, Switzerland, Father Reinhold came to the U.S. Within a couple of years he was in Seattle, continuing his work for the welfare of seafaring men.

But by 1941, as the U.S. drew closer to war, it was not thought safe to have an "enemy alien" at a coastline port, and he was transferred to Yakima. Later, even this did not permit him to escape the whisperings of those who knew he was a German but did not know of his long fight against Hitlerism, and in 1943 he was given a leave of absence to get away from those

who insisted on having the FBI investigate his every move.

At last, in 1944, the whisperings suddenly stopped, for it was then that he received his citizenship papers. That same year he was appointed to the post he holds now, pastor of St. Joseph's church in Sunnyside, Wash.

Father Reinhold often refers to himself as a "simple priest, pastor of a faraway parish near the Pacific ocean." Those who have followed his career know that he is something more than a "simple priest." He has been a member of the board of directors of the National Liturgical conference and was the first president of the Vernacular society, an organization founded to study the possibilities of greater use in parishes of English in public prayers, rites and ceremonies, and administration of the sacraments. He is known throughout the world as a liturgical scholar, and he has been invited to attend international workshops of liturgical studies at Lugano, Switzerland, and Louvain, Belgium.

When Father Virgil, former editor of *Oratre Fratres*, died in 1939, the new editor, Father Godfrey Diekmann, O.S.B., looked around for a man who could write a column that would be as lively and provocative as Father Virgil's "Timely Tracts" had been. In Father Reinhold, he found just the firebrand he wanted. Since then, H.A.R.'s attacks on "drugstore

religion," on dictatorships (whether in Germany or Russia), on the standpatters and the conservatives, have alienated some persons. But supporters far outnumber opponents.

He realizes that his outspokenness may scandalize the intellectually immature, yet he sees this as the lesser of two dangers. "Whenever I sound harsh," he wrote in one of his *Tracts*, "it is the harshness of a lover, the nagging of a brother, the scolding of a parent. False security is stupid, and those who foster it out of mistaken consideration for the little ones, expose these little ones to a much deadlier test once the incense cloud has settled, and the hideous face of the foe sneers at them."

Sometimes he speaks to the "little ones" literally. He pointed out to a graduating class that the products of Catholic education have often failed miserably "because they had the idea that their education was a drill, was finished, was a finish, a veneer, and all they could expect now was to get scratched and lose their shine." And, he added, "Unless your Catholic nose is sensitive to the smell of secularism, you are not good hounds of God."

More often he speaks to those who are physically mature, but who seem adolescent when introduced to bold, adult ideas. Some of the causes which he has advocated—changes in the Eucharistic fast, vernacular in the ritual, the

paschal night watch, evening Mass—have now become accomplished facts. We no longer look upon them as bold ideas. But consider the fact that he was the first one in America to advocate evening Mass, back in 1938, and that, even before that, in 1934, he brought this resolution to the Hamburg Seamen's congress. See how far ahead of the rest of us he has been!

He had noticed in Hamburg that practically the only time that sailors can go to Mass is in the evening. When he came to this country, he pointed out that the same was true of a great number of waiters, railroad and post-office workers, nurses, mothers, and farmers. Even when the changes were accomplished, many Catholics were shocked by their audacity. "Each reform," Father Reinhold recently wrote, "somehow rocks the boat and creates consternation among those who have a notion that the Church was not only founded on a rock, but *is* a rock."

Within recent years, Father Reinhold has seen special urgency for achieving at least some of the reforms he has long advocated. In particular, he sees a present need for changes in the Mass, changes which will lead to greater understanding and participation by the faithful. "Going to Mass on Sunday," he has written, "must become an 'experience' for all in the congregation: uplifting, heartening, moving, and immediate. If it re-

mains a mere performance to avoid mortal sin or to follow a custom, then people will cease to come when coming means peril, persecution, or even grave inconvenience." But to achieve serious consideration of his many proposals for reforming the liturgy, Father Reinhold now realizes, requires a new approach on his part.

So he has given up writing his "Timely Tracts" in *Worship*, and has turned to more widely read magazines. "When you have written for the same readers for 15 years," he pointed out in his farewell column, "you must one day realize that they know your pattern of thought and that a fresh approach is needed. You also realize, as I do, that you have been indulging in a sport all too frequently enjoyed in the inner courts of the Church: preaching salvation to those already converted. This is the reason for my quitting."

Thus, at the age of 57, Father Reinhold considers himself primarily as a popularizer. He says, "We have failed to make the majority conscious of these problems [of liturgical reform], and no Pontiff

can disregard the fact that reforms remain a dead letter unless the ground is prepared for the seed."

In his new campaign to prepare the ground for the seed there seems little doubt that he will continue to speak his mind. He has, he admits, no theories of journalism. But many people have responded to his enthusiastic, highly personal style of writing. The vigor which is in his prose and which gives it its peculiar quality comes from his simply "being himself" when he writes. When asked what makes a good writer, he does not reply with comments on words, but with comments on intellectual habits: "It takes a willingness to face the facts, even if they change your patterns of thinking."

Is such forthrightness appropriate to reach a mass readership? Perhaps the best answer was given by a School Sister of Notre Dame who recently described how she took to reading H.A.R. at dinner-time—and got indigestion. "But," she immediately explained, "not because I disagreed or was offended, but because, after reading him, I lost all appetite for anything else."



### *That Alters the Case*

THE PRISONER was indignant at being taken to the police station. He staggered up to the desk sergeant. "And just why was I arrested?" he demanded.

"You were brought in for drinking," was the reply.

"Oh, that's different." The man broke into a happy smile. "Well—let's get started."

*Pageant* (July '55).

*It's getting to be more and more work to  
have a little normal fun*

## *Don't Be a Week-end Neurotic*

By JAY C. CALHOUN

Condensed from *Cosmopolitan*\*

THE GREAT American week end is fast becoming a peak period of conflict, strain, nervous and physical upset, and alcoholic consumption. It brings generally strange behavior on the part of people who, the other five days of the week, are perfectly respectable.

One psychiatrist, Dr. David Abrahamson of New York, has called it "tragic" that more of us don't get more emotional satisfaction from our leisure. Columbia university neurologist Dr. Irving J. Sands speaks of a "national week-end neurosis."

A survey made recently among former Ohio university students found that they considered the question of how to spend their leisure more baffling than health, in-law, and child-management problems. Another survey, made by Dr. James A. Wylie of Boston university, found that 57% of 546 families interviewed were dissatisfied with how they spent their leisure, particularly their week ends.

With the American work week



cut from 60 hours to 40, and with indications that with automation it will become even shorter, the question of week-end leisure becomes highly important. Sociologists and psychiatrists are giving more thought than ever to solving the problem. They want to find out why Americans try so hard to have a good time, yet get so little enjoyment for their efforts.

The experts look for answers to such questions as: Why do we go to all the trouble to pack the family into the car and battle traffic for hours "just to take a ride"? Why does Joe Brown, who has to get up at 6 A.M. on weekdays, get up at 5 A.M. every Saturday to play a strenuous round of golf on a badly overcrowded course? Why does Jim Jones hide away in his basement every week end for hours at

\*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. June, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Hearst Corporation, and reprinted with permission.

a time just to build a cabinet? Why does Fred Green compulsively mow his lawn and scrub down his walks twice each week end? Why does his neighbor just sit and stare at television from Friday evening to Sunday night? To come right down to it, what are the chances that *you* are a week-end neurotic?

The answer, according to the experts, lies to a great extent in the vast changes America has undergone in the last few decades. Fifty years ago, Americans were primarily concerned with producing. There was plenty of work for everybody to do, frontiers to expand, laurels to be won for working hard, long, and well. But gradually the machines took over from the individuals. People found less satisfaction in their work. They were unhappy because they could not satisfy their creative instincts as they once did.

Increasingly, they came to seek emotional satisfaction in their play rather than in their work. Hours were cut, yet production continued to rise. Advertising put on more and more pressure to sell products, and people had more time to use them. The emphasis shifted from production to consumption. The user became king, replacing the maker. And the more adept a person became at using things, the better chance he had of winning approval.

The emphasis on consumption

leads directly to the "week-end problem." Whereas a man and his family used to make their marks as good workers, now they must do it as good players. The better you play the more chance you have for business success.

Thus, the line between recreation and business has been narrowed. Businessmen often make their biggest deals on the golf course, or at lunch, when by old standards they would be concerned only with enjoying themselves.

Building a cabinet in the basement, if your neighbor is building one, too, becomes a contest. By building a better cabinet, you can win new prestige in your group.

This tremendous drive to "beat the other fellow" at play isn't peculiar to executives. A girl may go to the beach, not to relax, swim, and enjoy herself, but rather to get a good tan—better than that of the girl who sits next to her at the office.

Some authorities think Americans play so hard because they actually feel guilty about playing. The reason goes all the way back to the Pilgrims. The early settlers had no use for play. In fact, the Puritans passed a law that "no person, householder, or other, shall spend his time idly, under pain of such punishment as the court shall see fit to inflict."

This underlying belief that work is "good" and play is essentially "bad" has survived through the



centuries. When work was the big thing, there was not much to worry about. But the number of leisure hours began to grow and the number of work hours began to shrink. The Puritan complex began to appear. Forced to play because it was the thing to do, Americans feel guilty about playing. To compensate for this guilt, many of us are very practical about our approach to recreation. We strive to make our play "worth while." We must be improving ourselves. We must be getting ahead. We can't play just for the fun of it.

Our "practical" approach to play shows up in many ways. We put out money for shiny new cars, so we *must* go for a week-end drive whether we want to or not. We buy a house in the country, and everybody in the family must get out and take advantage of the sunshine and fresh air for which we are spending so much money.

Our compulsion to make play earn its own way either through improving ourselves, getting our money's worth, or getting ahead by besting the other fellow even affects the way we raise our children. In a recent study of a suburban community, researchers found that parents were so interested in "self-improvement" that they were always checking on the social aptitudes of their children. They kept nagging them to find out how popular they were, the parts they had in the school play, whether they

would be invited to a particular party.

Still another reason for our neurotic behavior on week ends is advanced. According to Dr. Abrahamsen, we do not know what mental recreation means. Many of us do not know how to get emotional satisfaction out of a book, or a piece of music. We hardly ever take time out to go for walks alone, or to think and reflect. We turn on the television set and stare at it hour after hour without really paying attention to it.

Dr. Abrahamsen blames our training and culture for our failure to develop self-reliance in using leisure. From early youth, he points out, our recreation is mostly planned for us, by the schools, our parents, groups and organizations. When we are adults, we turn to the how-to books and magazines or take our cues from our immediate social group. As a result, we are usually doing something we don't really want to do, primarily because we can't think of anything to do by ourselves.

The art of conversation is almost dead in America. We can't talk because we have nothing particularly original or significant to talk about. We don't do enough thinking to have anything to say. As a matter of fact, thinking and contemplation are not commonly considered social assets in the U.S. today. As one suburbanite said, "If you have any brains, you keep

them in your back pocket around here."

This is a long way from the situation in other countries where, with nothing but a cup of tea, the people can sit and entertain themselves for hours through stimulating conversation.

There is as yet no dramatic cure-all for this condition, and there probably never will be an answer that will solve everyone's week-end leisure problem. Dr. Abrahamsen and others advocate a natural approach to leisure. They would like to see us forget about whether recreation will do us little good or much good, forget about improving ourselves and getting ahead,

and just do what most appeals to us.

Dr. Abrahamsen believes that if we feel like going for a walk or sitting at home and reading a book or listening to records, that is what we should do. We don't have to play golf to satisfy the fellow next door, or our boss. After all, leisure is, by definition, something we do to enjoy ourselves. It is the time for recharging our batteries.

In the long run, adaptability, spontaneity, and enthusiasm are the marks of satisfying week-end leisure. Without them, we are no longer playing. We are working. And we might just as well be back on the job.

### *Where There's Smoke . . .*

A MAN BOUGHT some expensive cigars and had them insured against fire. After smoking them all, he put in a claim on the grounds that they had been destroyed by fire. The insurance company refused to pay, and the man sued. The judge decided that since the company had accepted a premium, and had issued the man a policy, it was financially responsible.

As soon as the man accepted payment, the insurance company had him arrested for arson.

*Variety.*

A PROMINENT AUTHOR was engaged to address a women's club in Chicago. The man, alas, proved to be a chain cigar smoker, and he persisted in lighting one rich Havana after another before he rose to make his speech. Several ladies coughed, and others shot disapproving frowns in his direction. He ignored them.

When sending him his check, the club treasurer enclosed a note: "I suggest that hereafter you smoke fewer stogies when you are completely surrounded by ladies."

The speaker wrote back, "Where there are angels, clouds are near by." They've hired him to speak again next season—at double the fee.

Bennet Cerf in *This Week* (5 Sept. '55).

*An army chaplain to the parachuters sweats it out with them*

## We Jump at Night

By CHARLES GALLAGHER

**A**RMY TRUCKS are waiting to take us to the planes from which we'll make a night parachute jump. We assemble at the camp theater. Time: 4:30 P.M. The sun hasn't yet begun to go down on this clear, cold afternoon. One hundred of us stand around, enjoying the army outdoor sport of waiting.

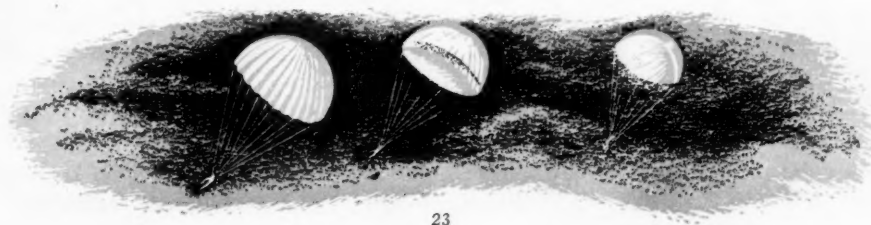
A sergeant approaches me. "Sir, can you tell me who the Catholic chaplain of this regiment is?" When I tell him that I am, he states very formally, "I would like to arrange to have three babies baptized."

Well, it turns out that only one is his; the other two belong to a buddy. Both marriages are invalid. I have to tell the sergeant that the babies cannot be baptized unless their parents marry before a priest and promise to go to Mass. He weighs this, and asks, "Sir, how long must we go to Mass before

the Baptism?" I promise to call him next week and talk things over.

We are broken down into platoons, and get onto the trucks. It takes about half an hour to reach the airfield. Ordinary soldier talk passes time on the bumpy way out. We get into the formation we will have in the planes, then stand around and wait some more. A major briefs us, but he is none too clear. Our jumpmaster clarifies things after the major leaves. The planes will make three passes at the drop zone. The first will be a dry run; on the second, half the plane will empty, six men out each of the two doors; on the third pass, the plane will be emptied. I am eighth man. That means I jump second on the last pass.

We stand around talking. All at once, the first "sweat" hits me. Difficult to describe this sudden fear; best way to get it out of your



mind is to talk and to move around. The lad behind me says that he is awfully scared; he hasn't jumped since getting his wings two months ago. I tell him everybody sweats. Sergeant Bearpaw, an Oklahoma Indian standing next to me, is making his 188th jump; I tell the other lad that. He leans over and asks the sergeant if he is scared. The sergeant says that he will let him know when he gets upstairs.

The boy persists, "Do you always sweat out a jump, Sarge?"

Bearpaw answers, "Everybody does." The boy seems relieved.

I spot a man I wish to talk to about the Legion of Mary that I'm trying to start in the regiment. We get into conversation, and I propose it to him. He agrees to come to the meeting Friday night.

The word comes to draw chutes. We go to the chute shed in jump order. Each man takes a main chute, a reserve chute, and a kit bag. The men are deliberate about selecting their chutes. Most take the next chute in line; some skip the one they should take and reach for another. Most of us feel that if something goes wrong, we don't want to be responsible by taking a chute out of order. However, I make sure that the reserve chute I take is a new, trim little bundle. Before leaving the shed, we shout the serial numbers of our chutes to the parachute maintenance crew; if they are a chute shy tonight,

they will know then who jumped with it.

We fit the chutes. I make very certain that the harness straps slip into the safety catches. The man next to me helps with the kit bag and the reserve chute. Then I assist him. The man behind me is fumbling; we all go to work on him. We line up for the safety check.

I start a cigarette, and several men help themselves from the pack. As we light up, somebody snarls, "Put out those cigarettes. There'll be plenty of time to smoke after we check you."

We are well checked, so I forget about the piece of silk irregularly peeping out of my back pack. We smoke until the order comes to board the planes. One of the men asks me if he can go to Confession; we walk away from the others for the few minutes it takes.

Another man, a very young lad, has been eyeing me for some time, looking very scared. I ask him what's up. He answers, after a few moments, "Tonight I'm going to get it." I ask him what he means. He doesn't explain, only repeats, "Tonight I get it." I tell him I'll see him after the jump. He just looks at me.

The order comes to board the plane; we trundle over, hump-backed under the weight of the chutes. The second sweat hits me, just before loading. What a miserable feeling it is; fortunately, it doesn't last very long. It is plenty

cold on the plane. Several times I try to catch the eye of my big red-headed assistant, but he is up toward the door, jumping the pass before me. I talk above the roar of the warming-up engines, mostly to the scared kid behind me. He asks, "Why do we sweat about these things? I feel all right now."

Soon we are airborne, and banking for the trial run. The jumpmaster, 1st Sergeant Peluso, walks up and down the plane, looking at people, checking this and that. He's the pepperbox who keeps the conversation going, getting the troopers' minds off the jump. He explains that to accustom our eyes to the darkness the lights will go out one minute before the jump and will remain out until the jump is finished.

The first pass is over. Ten minutes later the jumpmaster gives the command: "Stand up! First six men at either door stand. Hook up! Check equipment! Sound off for equipment check!" The rest of us sit and watch. The jumpers shuffle toward the door. The lights go out. We can see the figures of the jumpers; we can also see the lights of the camp below. The bell rings, and without further dramatics, the jumpers exit, the lights go on, 12 men are gone. The rest of us move up toward the door. We sit and talk.

Minutes later, our jumpmaster gives the command: "Stand up!" We stand, follow the other com-

mands, get close to the door. As second man, I am right next to the door and can see the camp below. Two minutes pass slowly, then very deliberately, the sergeant at the door steps back, looks at me, then steps forward. Seconds later, he springs out into the darkness. I throw my static line and go out, turning with the prop blast. I think I hold a good body position as I sail under the tail of the plane. Just before the opening shock, I anticipate it and cringe a little. Abruptly, my descent is jerked to a stop; I swing back and forth beneath the canopy. I check the canopy; it looks perfect but seems a little conical. I check it again, decide it will be all right, and look down at the earth. We are a long way up; I look around for other jumpers; none are too close. I take up the prepare-to-land attitude. It takes a long, long time to come down.

Suddenly I hit very hard, harder than I've ever come in before. The breath is knocked out of me; my left side aches; I roll over on my back and lie there for a few seconds. At last, I get out of the harness, roll the chute, and start toward the assembly area. We line up for a nose count, then turn in our chutes to the parachute maintenance people at their trucks. Back in my quarters, I change into OD's and go out for dinner. I'm going to wake up bruised and stiff tomorrow.

*His best birthday was the one he had alone with mother*

# Johnny's Day

By OWENITA SANDERLIN

Condensed from the *Voice of St. Jude*\*



**T**HE DAY WAS Johnny's 8th birthday, and because his big sisters were sick with "the virus" he couldn't have the party he wanted. I'd been so busy carrying trays that I hadn't even been able to get to town to buy him a present! His daddy was fighting a cold, and it looked as if all we could do was send brother David to our small-town notion store to find something that would "do."

Johnny tried hard to keep his lips from turning down, bless him. I decided that the girls were convalescent, and could take care of themselves. *This* would be Johnny's day.

Johnny and I took the bus to the small city eight miles away. I told Johnny we'd take David along if Johnny wished, or we could go by ourselves. Johnny thought about it so long we almost missed the bus, because he and David are great friends even though they are almost four years apart. Finally, he decided to go "just with mom."

It wasn't till after we got on the bus that we realized how seldom we get to be alone together.

Johnny talked to me to his heart's content, with no interruptions. It's a standing joke at our dinner table that the females do all the talking. The boys, daddy, with Johnny on one side of him and David on the other, make occasional cracks about us, but that's the best they can manage. One day, Johnny was trying to tell me something while I was trying to explain to the girls why borrowing my nylons would not be fair when they are on a clothes budget. When I finally turned to Johnny he was hurt because he had forgotten what he wanted to say. I assured him that it would come back to him, and he said indignantly, "Yes—when you're not listening again!"

Now I could listen. Johnny was so happy and talked so loud that

\*221 W. Madison St., Chicago 6, Ill. May, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Cluretian Fathers, and reprinted with permission.



people kept turning around in the bus to look at him, and smile. One time that I have always had special for Johnny, of course, is when I listen to his catechism at home. So on the bus, in between deciding whether he was going to buy a gun and holster or a "Director" (Erector) set, he happened to ask me if I knew what *Pete* meant.

"Pete?" I said. "Is he a cowboy?"

"No," Johnny said witheringly (two ladies in front of us turned around to smile again), "*Pete* means rock. You better go back to your 3rd-grade catechism."

When the bus reached the city, however, we entered a more secular phase. We looked at posters to see if there was a good movie in town, and decided there wasn't; but Johnny was more interested in his birthday presents, anyhow. Grandma had sent the money for some cowboy boots, so we bought them, and that swayed him to the holster instead of the "Director" set. We headed for the variety store.

Once there, Johnny made straight for a two-gun outfit at \$6.98. I told him the price with the same horror I used to put into my voice when he was two or three, and wanted 98¢ trucks and cars instead of 10¢ ones. He cheerfully moved on toward the low-priced field. There's nothing like training them young (and not having much money so you have to teach them its value).

Johnny found a magnificent holster for \$1.98, and I let him pick out a flannel shirt. He needed one anyhow, so why not let it add to his birthday? He was so happy he put them both on right then and there, to the delight of all the basement salesladies.

After that we had lunch. Following Johnny's suggestion, we went to a restaurant. When we got inside, it looked pretty seedy to me, but Johnny thought everything was wonderful. "Eating out" is a rare treat for both of us, and I swallowed my qualms when Johnny said, "Isn't this a nice place?" Several red-faced gentlemen in the next booth smiled at us over their beer; and the proprietor must have heard, too, because when we paid our check he gave Johnny a chocolate bar, which was one more Birthday Surprise to Johnny.

On the wall was a large picture carved out in three dimensions, which had been donated by a distillery. The picture showed a horse and wagon crossing a bridge, with three real barrels in the foreground. Johnny had never seen a picture in three dimensions, and he was sure it must be great art. "Isn't that a nice picture?" he sang out.

When it seemed likely that we might be joined by one of the gentlemen who had had too much, I hastily finished my lunch, and we adjourned to the nearest drug-store for dessert: a hot-fudge sundae. Economy prescribes small

cones when you have all the children with you, so this was Johnny's first sundae. "Isn't this a nice kind of ice cream!" he said.

Oh, it was a blissful day, and the exact opposite of what shoppers-with-children usually expect. No "Gimme-gimme" and lots of "Thank you." (A bit of special attention often works wonders with naughty children, I have noticed; and though Johnny hadn't been naughty lately I felt sure this day would keep him good for quite a bit longer.)

Going home, we got off at the bus stop near our church. I asked Johnny if he'd like to stop in and say some birthday prayers.

"And light some birthday candles!" he shouted.

So he put in all the change I had left and lighted eight candles,

a regular bonfire at our Lady's feet, and we left the dark Saturday-evening chapel shining. "I only said four prayers," he told me when we got outside. It made me realize that there are some things in our children's wonderful little minds that we will never know, no matter how much time we have for listening. I might have asked him why he said just four prayers, or what prayers he said, but if he had wanted me to know, he would have told me without asking.

Well, anyway, this was one day He would approve of, I think, and maybe it would make up for other days when I am cross and rushed and impatient. Johnny's day! It isn't something a mother of four, or six, or ten, can do very often, but it's all the more memorable for being rare.



Fat bus waddling diagonally toward the curb.

Jules Archer

Sand dunes autographed by the wind.

Edwin Way Teale

Willows waving at the passing wind.

William Edgington

Wheat field copying the rhythm of the sea.

Joanna Jac

Clouds in washboard formation.

Sister M. Pierre, O.P.

Trees holding hands across the avenue.

E. M. Martin

Women applauding with their eyelashes.

Dorothy Kilgallen

Candles blazing in fiery apostrophes.

Henry M. Robinson

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

*Your influence is felt beyond the reach of your arm*

# How It Feels to Be Champion

By ROCKY MARCIANO with  
W. C. HEINZ

Condensed from *Collier's*\*



**E**ARLY ON THE morning of Sept. 24, 1952, I woke up in a hotel room in Philadelphia. The night before, I had won the heavyweight championship of the world. But just then when I tried to turn, it seemed like my whole body was sore. Though I had stitches over both eyes and a long cut on the top of my head, I was as happy as I think anybody can be. Jersey Joe Walcott had given me the toughest fight I'd ever had, but I'd knocked him out in the 13th round.

I've had the title now for about three years. In that time, I've found out that in some ways it's different from what you think it's going to be.

I remember the first night I ever thought I had a chance. On Dec. 19, 1949, in Providence, I had Phil Muscato down five times, before I knocked him out in five rounds. That was my 24th win without a loss as a pro and my 22nd knock-

out. After the fight I drove back to Brockton.

It was a nice night, clear and cold, but as soon as I got into the car I felt something was different. Usually on the way home after a fight we kidded a lot, but this night everybody was very serious.

"You know, Rock," one of the guys said after a while, "you haven't got very far to go now."

I said, "To go where?"

"For the title," one of the others said.

"Ah," I said. "Take it easy."

"No," somebody said. "Figure it out. About five good wins and you can be on top of the heap."

I had been a kid who never dreamed he could be heavyweight champion. I wanted to be a major-league catcher, but then I threw my arm out. I started fighting professionally to help support my family.

I remembered the night in 1933

\*640 5th Ave., New York City 19. May 13, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

when Primo Carnera won the title from Jack Sharkey. I was eight years old at the time, and in the Italian section of Brockton they had big bonfires burning and they sang and shouted around them almost all night long.

That night in the car I thought that if I could win the title, I'd come back to Brockton and I'd throw a big party for the whole town and every kid would be invited and get an expensive gift.

There were a lot of things I didn't know then that I know now. I didn't know that although you do make a lot of money it isn't as much as people think it is, expenses and taxes being what they are, and that you can't begin to do the things with it that you dreamed about. I didn't know that being champion is almost a full-time job, and that the influence you have on people is sometimes so strong that it worries you to tears.

I'll never be able to afford that big party for all the kids in Brockton. That's not important, just kind of a foolish dream. But the important thing is that you can't do all you want for charities and churches and just good people. You want to be liked by everybody—not just for yourself, but because when you're heavyweight champion of the world you represent boxing, and boxing did everything for you.

I always said that, if I became champion, one of the first things I'd do would be to send my mom

and pop back to their home towns in Italy, and I used to think what a great time that would be for them.

I did it, right after the first Walcott fight. There were so many things pulling at me at the time, however, that I couldn't even see them off on the plane, and some of the pleasure was lost. Then, instead of staying three months, they came back after one month. It took a couple of months before my mother would tell me why. "Too much sadness there," she said, and you should understand that my mother is the kind of a woman who can't stand to see suffering and wants to help everybody. "Every place we went they had nothing, and they looked to us, and how much could we do? I did not even want to go to my own town."

My own baby, Mary Anne, is two, and they tell me this is the time when it's the most fun to be with your child, that she's walking around the house now and that every day she's picking up a new word. Instead, I'm with my wife, Barbara, and the baby about four months a year.

That's what it's like to be heavyweight champion, when you look at one side. But you have to give up something for everything you get, I guess, and when it gets me down and I lie in bed at night and feel a little depressed, I think about all the good that there is in it, and it's more than you can imagine.

Take what it has meant to my pop. He's 61 years old now; he came to this country in 1917. He was gassed in the 1st World War, and he was never really well after that. For more than 30 years he worked in shoe shops in Brockton at a machine called a No. 7 bed-laster. That's one of the tough ones. Four years ago, I saw to it that he retired.

The influence you have, that you can use for good without being a crusader, goes so far that sometimes it frightens you. After I won the title from Walcott, I made a five-week, 30,000-mile exhibition tour of the Pacific. In Manila, mobs gathered wherever we went. Whenever I'd come out of the hotel for my walk there'd be 100 people waiting just to look at me. One day I went into a store to buy souvenirs, and there were 500 people watching for me outside. When I got into a cab, dozens of them ran after it.

Out there, they don't look for autographs. All they want is to feel the muscles in your arms. One day I was walking along the street when a little guy stopped his car in the middle of heavy traffic, got out, ran up to me, felt my muscles, got back into his car, and drove off.

I tell this to explain something else that happened. I was scheduled to box an exhibition match on a Thursday, but it rained that day and the next two days. Then the

promoter suggested that I box on Sunday.

"No," I said, "I'm Catholic, and I go to church on Sunday."

I didn't think anything of it, but it was a big front-page story in the newspapers. When I'm training for a fight I have to train on Sundays too, but I don't have to box exhibitions on Sunday.

A little later we went out to visit a leper colony, and a priest spoke to me. "Rocky," he said, "these people out here are great sports enthusiasts, and we try to get them to be better church people. You've done more for the Catholic religion in that one move than anyone has done here in my time."

That's what I mean when I say that sometimes it frightens you. You might, without realizing it, say a wrong thing.

Before we went to the leper colony we were a little nervous, because we didn't know what it would be like. There was a woman who explained that we couldn't contract the disease, and she told us how the poor people in the colony never see anyone important and don't have much to look forward to.

There were, maybe, 1,200 people in the place, and when we got there they just moved back to make a path for us without anyone saying anything to them. It was one of the saddest things I ever saw. I went up on a stage and they asked if they could see my muscles and

how I train, so I took off my shirt and shadow-boxed a couple of rounds.

Then we started out. Again they pulled away to make that path, and they began to call to me. "God bless you, Rocky," they were calling. "God bless you. May you reign long."

In Los Angeles, before we went to the Pacific, we visited the iron-lung patients in a hospital called Rancho Los Amigos, and maybe it was there more than any other place that I realized what being champion of the world means.

We went to the men's polio ward first, and there was one kid lying there who knew everything about me. We'd catch each other's eyes in his mirror while we talked. There was another guy who'd been a basketball player for Loyola, and when I looked in his mirror to talk with him I saw he had my picture pasted on it. They say I had guts in the Walcott fight, but this kid was telling me how he'd lick the polio and play basketball again.

There were a lot of 14 and 15-year-old kids in the women's ward. The nurse told us that all that day they'd had all the nurses busy primping them up, because I was coming.

Shortly after I won the title, I received a letter from the White House saying that the President doesn't get to see many sports events, and was having a luncheon to meet some of the sports figures.

They wanted to know if I'd be kind enough, if you can imagine, to attend.

I was more nervous than I've ever been going into a fight. Joe DiMaggio, Ty Cobb, Cy Young, Clark Griffith, Ben Hogan, Gene Sarazen, Florence Chadwick, and about 40 others were there. To begin with, we were all formed in a semicircle in the White House when the President came in.

"So you're the heavyweight champion of the world," he said when he came to me, and then he stepped back and looked at me and smiled.

After the luncheon we posed on the White House steps, and one of the photographers who's a real fight fan took a picture of the President looking at my right fist.

Can you imagine me, Rocco Marchegiano, a shoe worker's son and a Pfc. in the army, posing with a five-star general who became the President of the U.S.?

When I train for a fight I devote eight to 12 weeks getting ready to fight another man. The sports writers say I live a monk's life because I put all my thoughts and all my efforts into it, and all those around me devote themselves to the same thing.

When a fighter goes into camp for those two or three months his mind should be free, and no problems should move in on it. My wife and I talk on the phone regularly while I'm in camp, but two



weeks before a fight she'll always say that I'm not to call her again until the fight is over. My parents are the same.

The last month before a fight, I don't even write a letter. The last ten days I see no mail and get no telephone calls and meet no new acquaintances. The week before the fight I'm not allowed to shake hands or go for a ride in a car. Nobody can get into the kitchen, and no new foods are introduced.

Even the conversation is watched. By that I mean that the fellows keep it pleasant, with not too much fight talk. My opponent's name is never mentioned, and I don't read the write-ups.

For two or three months, then, every minute of my life is planned for one purpose—to lick the other man. I see him in front of me when I'm punching the bag. When I run on the road I've got him in mind, and always I'm working on certain moves that I hope will lick him.

What it comes down to in the ring is that it's the other guy or you. Anybody in there with me is there to get me and I'm in there to get him, but the one thing people don't seem to understand is that there's nothing personal about it and you don't carry it outside. You get rid of it in the ring.



I don't want to seem like I'm bragging, but I don't think anybody in the world can lick me. I've never been defeated in 47 fights as a pro, and right now I hope maybe I can hold the title, if I'm lucky, four or five more years, and retire undefeated. At the same time, once in a while, the thought comes to me on the road or while I'm resting: "Suppose this guy licks me? What will happen to all my plans?" That's as far as it gets. I never believe it can happen, really. It's just one of the things that come to your mind.

I can remember, though, the night that Joe Louis and Jersey Joe Walcott fought for the first time, and Walcott had Louis down twice but didn't get the decision. I'd had one pro fight ten months before, and I was working for the Brockton Gas Co., and I was sitting on the bed at home listening to the fight. It never occurred to me that I would be the guy to knock out Louis and retire him and then knock out Walcott and take the heavyweight championship of the world.

Now that I'm champion, I wonder once in a while if there is some other kid nobody ever heard of sitting someplace and listening to one of my fights, or watching it on television, who might, in a few years, do the same thing to me.

WHEN you can no longer look up the answers to your problems in the back of a textbook, you are grown up.

*The Log* (Feb. '55).

# To Save American Music

*The musician must not go the way  
of the iceman*

By JAMES C. PETRILLO

Condensed from the *American Federationist*\*



WHEN I WAS a kid in Chicago, there was music everywhere. There were street bands, orchestras in restaurants, concerts on Sundays, music at picnics, weddings, and funerals. I used to get a nickel for carrying the front end of a drum in parades.

I grew up to love music, and when I was eight years old I got my first instrument. A lovely lady named Jane Addams at Chicago's famous Hull House gave me a cornet, and I learned to play it the hard way, by heart and by head. That was my introduction to music.

The kids of today have little chance to hear live music. What they hear comes over the radio, or from a phonograph or jukebox.

Maybe they play a wind instrument in the school band. But, when they are graduated, they find there are no jobs for musicians. Few kids learn to play a string instrument because school bands have largely displaced school orchestras.

That's why small symphonies can't find good string players any more. Who's going to practice four hours every day when you can't even make a living from it?

To most people, canned music means a catchy tune from a phonograph, a new number on a jukebox, or something played by a disc jockey.

To me, as president of the American Federation of Musicians, and to our 252,000 member musicians, canned music means trouble. For canned music, when it's used commercially, whether on recording or tape, means ruin to the professional musician. It takes away his job.

In 1944 there were no more musicians making a living from music than there were in 1920, although the population of our country had grown by 50 millions. It's true that our union has grown—from around 100,000 to some 252,000. But fewer than 100,000 of us are permanently employed in our profession.

The American Federation of

\*A.F. of L. Bldg., Washington 1, D.C. June, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the American Federation of Labor, and reprinted with permission.

Musicians of the U.S. and Canada was formed Oct. 19, 1896, in Indianapolis. It became a member of the American Federation of Labor one year later. The A.F. of M. was formed by the merger of musicians' clubs from various cities. Twenty-five locals totaling 6,000 members formed one union.

The federation prospered until the development of the amplification tube and the microphone in the early 1920's. Then in 1929, the movie sound track was developed, throwing thousands of theater musicians out of work.

Our chief problem today is the continued growth of mechanical means of reproducing music. It's the main threat to our livelihood.

Today, practically every union is feeling the effects of the electronic age. They call it "automation," and are trying to find a solution. It may be automation now, but to the musicians it's an old story.

Back in 1940, when I became president of the international union, the members voted to defend themselves. In June, 1942, the board informed all recording and transcription companies that, effective Aug. 1, musicians would stop recording.

Right away the industry chose me for its whipping boy. I was cussed and discussed, lampooned by nearly every paper in the country, blasted editorially, called Caesar (that *is* my middle name), accused of stopping progress.

Yet we knew what we wanted and we stuck to it until we got it. We insisted that if musicians were going to play for commercial recordings, and thus produce handsome profits for other people, some means must be found of "feeding back" a share of these profits to the music profession as a whole. We suggested setting up a royalty fund based on the sales of records and transcriptions. The royalty fund would be controlled by the union, and used to help musicians thrown out of work by canned music. This was a new principle in labor-management relations, but in time both the union and the industry came to agree on it.

The recording makers objected strongly at first. They used the same arguments you hear today in defense of automation. They couldn't oppose the cost, because the small royalty fee didn't increase the price of a single record. They refused at first to contribute to a fund to be spent at "the union's uncontrolled discretion" and they rejected the "dangerous fallacy" that a "specific industry owes a special obligation to persons not wholly employed by it."

But we stood firm, and in the fall of 1943 all but two companies accepted the A.F. of M. conditions. We signed contracts, and went to work. The other two companies came in a short time later.

With the Recording and Transcription fund, as it was called

then, we were able to accomplish three things. We provided a sizable public service, we demonstrated that live music is the best music, and, finally, we were able to distribute \$1 million a year to musicians whose earnings were hard hit by canned music.

Our fund makes work and provides free community musical entertainment. In 1954, we spent some \$2,350,000 for 16,997 public performances in which nearly 189,000 musicians took part.

Neither I nor the members of our union believe this formula is the complete answer to job losses by musicians resulting from canned music. But it does make the machine compensate in some degree for the jobs it displaces.

What about public support of music? Today our support comes chiefly from three sources. One is the generosity of wealthy people, whose ranks are being thinned by death and taxes. Another is through the efforts of public-spirited communities. The third is by the American Federation of Musicians through the free public-music fund created in cooperation with the recording and transcription industry.

All three sources put together are not enough. If the public as a whole does not awaken to its responsibility to maintain the best in live music, great music will eventually disappear.

Classical musicians are hardest

hit of all. Our great symphonies scratch along from year to year, never out of debt and paying players who have studied for years about the same wage as a plumber's helper—and even that for only 26 weeks a year. Yet this is the type of music from which all our creative expression is derived.

Our country is the only democratic nation in the world which has failed to set up some form of subsidy for our arts. Germany has 50 opera companies; this country, only two or three.

Covent Garden in London gets an annual government subsidy of \$700,000; La Scala in Milan and the West Berlin Opera receive state subsidies amounting to approximately \$1 million a year.

Classical music is a TV orphan in the U.S., according to Howard Taubman, music critic of the *New York Times*. He reports that in Britain, Sir John Barbirolli will conduct his Halle orchestra in bi-weekly concerts on TV. The only symphony we have on the airwaves is the Chicago Symphony. Imagine that—in a country that has 50 times as much TV as the people of England have to see!

I know that *subsidy* is not a pretty word in our language. But subsidies are not new in our nation. Subsidies are granted now to agriculture, education, shipping.

Now is the time for the President to appoint a planning commission which would lay the

groundwork for a Federal Department of the Arts. We don't ask it for the musicians alone. We join with all others in the field of arts

and letters in urging such a program for our country. Creation of such a department would do much to preserve our cultural heritage.



## the Open Door

MY HUSBAND's grandfather, a crotchety New Orleans judge, became deeply interested in the occult. He attended seance after seance with belief unshaken until the night the country's greatest spiritualist held a meeting.

All went smoothly until grandfather got the strong feeling that he was being hoodwinked. He sprang up, demanded that the meeting be stopped, and stormed backstage into a jungle of wires and mirrors.

Reaching home, the old judge found his Catholic wife on her knees, praying the Rosary for him. He was so impressed, he sought instructions from the Jesuits, and was baptized at a public ceremony. Many other members of his family followed his example, and to date 25 Religious vocations can be attributed to his conversion.

Mrs. Emma Turnbull.

MY SISTER, a Dominican Religious, teaches 1st grade. She discovered that one of the children was missing Sunday Mass, and spoke to him about it. Later, Bobby reported that he and

his father had been to Mass, and wouldn't miss again.

The next day, checking registration slips, Sister discovered that neither Bobby nor his parents were Catholic. She hurried to explain to the mother, only to be told that if Bobby wished to go to Mass on Sunday, his parents would see to it that he got there.

From then on, Bobby and his parents were at Mass every Sunday. Before a year was out, all became Catholics.

Kay Fallon.

GARDENING was the hobby of a wealthy retired Texas oil man, a non-Catholic with a Catholic wife. His own grounds beautifully landscaped, he offered to help a doctor neighbor with a bad heart with his garden. One day the oil man mentioned to his friend the sorry condition of the grounds around the Catholic church, which he had noticed when he took his wife to Mass. The doctor suggested a visit to the pastor. The oil magnate landscaped the church grounds; went from landscaping to rectory visits to doctrine, and became a Catholic.

Vera Thale.

*[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]*

*Our faith and our love for Angela kept us going*

## *Our Baby's Fight for Life*

By IVY MCKNIGHT

Condensed from *McCall's*\*

**I**T'S A GIRL," Sister said brightly, drawing open the curtains of my hospital room. Oh, delicious words, coming on that bleak January day of 1946! They had been spoken to me once before, when Terry, our first daughter, was born.

Only a mother can know the exquisite mixture of happiness, relief, and wonder that I felt now. Cyril and I had longed for this baby ever since Terry had been two. But as the years slipped by, we began to fear that she might never have a brother or sister.

"What are you going to name her?" Sister asked.

"Angela. When will I see her?"

Sister's face clouded a little. "Soon," she replied evasively, and turned to go. At the door, she paused as if she'd just remembered something. "Oh, Mrs. McKnight," she said, "Doctor asked me to tell you that the baby has a small stain on her face."

"But she's all right?" Suddenly I



felt panic overwhelm me.

"Oh, yes," she assured me, and hustled out.

Visiting hours came, and with them Cyril. We kissed, and laughed. "On the phone, they told me she's a girl," he said. "What's she like?"

"I don't know. I haven't been able to see her yet."

"Don't be in such a hurry," my husband scolded. "You had a hard time. They don't want you to start nursing the baby quite yet. I'll see Angela now, and tell you about her."

He went, and came back smiling. "She's lovely," he said, "just like Terry." I beamed. If Angela were like Terry, she must be perfect. After all, Terry had had a birthmark too. We'd had it removed when she was three months old. Everything would be all right.

Next day, I was moved into a room with four other mothers. One was quietly weeping. She had lost her first baby. I tried to comfort



her in her loss as well as I could.

That afternoon, a nurse at last brought me Angela. "You do know that she has a stain on her face? It's not an ordinary birthmark. The doctor isn't sure just what it is."

Eagerly, I took Angela in my arms, and drew the blanket away from her face. A deep redness covered the whole of her left cheek. It went around her eye, up over her forehead. Through the golden down of her hair I could see that it covered part of her head, too.

"This can't be my baby," I thought. The hospital had made a mistake. I wanted Cyril to come and take me away. But as I looked at her perfectly chiseled nose and chin, and at her large blue eyes, so like Terry's, I knew that no mistake had been made.

Cyril came at last. "Now, listen to me, Ivy," he said. "I've had all night to think about this. Organically, Angela's perfect. We must be happy about that. And something will be done. Skin grafting, or something." His assurance calmed me.

Angela and I went home in about a week. It was good to get back to our lovely house in Cheam, which is in Surrey, England. Surrounded by friends and relatives, I felt much happier and stronger. But I was still self-conscious about that stain, and when I wheeled her in the buggy, I turned Angela so that her left cheek was against the pillow.

The baby didn't thrive as she should. Her lungs seemed weak; she caught cold easily; and gradually she developed asthma. One day, as I was feeding her, her right arm and leg began to twitch. The spasm passed, but the next day at feeding time the same thing happened.

I rushed her to Dr. Murdock's office. He took one look at her, and his usually gentle voice became sharp with worry. "Just as I feared—cerebral pressure. Mrs. McKnight, your baby is very ill. We must get her to a hospital in London at once." By now, Angela was deathly still and very white. Her eyes were closed.

Cyril then worked in London; he joined me at the hospital. We clasped hands as Angela was taken upstairs. Suddenly a nurse appeared in the waiting room. "Has Baby McKnight been baptized?" she asked.

"What?" I asked stupidly. All at once, the meaning of her question hit me. "She's not going to die?" I cried. Cyril's face went white.

"She's on the 'critical' list," the nurse said gravely. "Unless that cerebral pressure can be relieved—anyway, we have to be sure about the Baptism; don't worry, we'll take care of it."

She was gone. Cyril and I stared at each other, numb with bewilderment. We understood only that *cerebral* meant brain, and brain pressure opened up a terrifying

field of conjecture. We sat, hardly speaking, for ages. A Sister came in. Our eyes searched her face, and we knew from it that Angela lived.

"But she is still gravely ill," Sister warned. "She'll be kept here for tests and observation for some time. We don't know yet just what the future holds. When the tests are completed, the specialist may have the answer."

My mother moved into our house to take care of Terry, and for nearly eight weeks I traveled daily to the hospital on the early morning train. When mother's own duties made it impossible for her to stay longer, Terry went to the office each day with her daddy, and at night she slept in our arms on the train.

One day, I was told that Angela could go home. I packed her prettiest dress, and rushed to the hospital. "What does this mean?" I asked the head nurse. "Is Angela going to be all right?"

"You'll receive the doctor's report tomorrow morning," was all she would say.

Sister helped me get Angela ready for the trip. "Now, take her home and make a fuss over her," she said, brushing her hand lightly over her head.

"Is she all right, then?" I asked.

"No, she isn't. The specialist agrees that it is cerebral pressure that is causing the spasms. But to operate would be fatal."

"But what's to be done, then?"

"I'm afraid, nothing. Take her home and be very good to her. She may live perhaps another six months. The doctor will tell you all about it when he talks to you." She pressed my arm. "We're not deserting you, you know. Dr. Young will see her again from time to time. He'll do what he can to keep her from suffering too much."

I took Angela in my arms, and we went in a cab to Cyril's office. "They can't do anything for her. She's going to die," I blurted. I had meant to break it to him gently, as Sister had done for me. Cyril said nothing; he just put his arm around me and held me close. We looked at Angela.

Except for the stain, our baby seemed perfectly normal. We simply wouldn't believe that there was no hope.

The specialist, Dr. Young, told us that Angela's birthmark was not just over the surface of her head and face. It was in her brain, too, causing the pressure. "Your baby has no sight," Dr. Young said. "She cannot hear, either. She could never develop normally. You must not hurt yourself by wishing her to live. God understands these things; a physician cannot."

I prayed all the time that some miracle would happen. "It must!" I told myself. "It must!" I pleaded with God to help us. I prayed in bed, in the street, in trains, as I worked about the house.

The six months were up, and

Angela still lived. Had the doctors been wrong? Could it be that God was answering our prayers? Still, there was no real improvement. Our baby continued to suffer spasms, and twice she caught pneumonia. Each time meant a nightmare journey in an ambulance to the hospital in London. Once, on the way, I thought that she had died; her body felt stiff, and she did not seem to be breathing. But each time she recovered.

"You never know with babies," one doctor told us. "Some of them show a tremendous resistance."

Christmas came, and made us realize that we had other responsibilities. In our worry over Angela, we had been neglecting little Terry. If she made a noise, we'd hiss, "Angela's sleeping." If she wished to have someone in to play, or to go out to a neighbor's, the answer was always No. We knew that if Terry caught a cold, she might give it to Angela. Our house seemed filled with tension and gloom.

We pulled ourselves together on Christmas day, and tried to be cheerful for Terry's sake. We had a Christmas tree, and hung up stockings for all. We had one for Angela, too, into which we put a little blue bunny.

But the strain was telling on both of us. Cyril dragged himself to the office every day, though he was feeling far from well. I worked halfheartedly about the house, unable to keep up with the cleaning,

mending, and cooking. Once, after a frantic search for the teapot, I found it in the dresser!

Terry bore the brunt of my sharp tongue. Often I scolded her without reason. I found myself quarreling with Cyril. One doctor suggested that since it appeared that Angela might live for some time we should put her in a "home" where she could receive special training. We wouldn't hear of it.

But all this made us wonder. Had we been right, I asked myself, in praying that Angela would continue her struggling little life?

Then a tremendous thing happened. One day, as my husband bent over her, Angela reached up and pulled at his glasses. She could see! We hurriedly got in touch with Dr. Young. He admitted that this was a hopeful sign, but urged us not to count too much on it. "Some day, perhaps, if she gets a little stronger, it may be possible to operate."

From then on, we haunted the hospitals, literally forcing our way in, and breaking all the rules of medical etiquette, for Angela was still the patient of the children's hospital. We tried continually to get Angela examined by some new specialist who might have a different theory of the case.

Angela turned two. She was terribly underweight, and the spasms were still strong. But she was alive. Troubles continued to plague us. Cyril himself came down with

pneumonia. His recovery took months; he was away from the office all one winter. Soon after he returned, he lost his job.

"We're getting nowhere fast, Ivy," he told me bitterly. "What do you say to our selling this house and opening a tearoom? That way we can all be together and at the same time share the job of taking care of Angela." I quickly agreed. Cyril's parents had operated a tearoom, and he had had some experience in it. I myself had taken a special course in cooking.

It was a wrench giving up our little house in Cheam. Leaving it meant leaving all our friends, including our family physician, Dr. Murdock, whose nearness had been a source of so much strength.

We put the money we got for the house into a café in Mitcham. How we slaved! We got up at six, and worked right through the day, sometimes until 1:00 A.M. But with the two of us working together, caring for Angela did seem easier. Our customers came to know about our baby's trouble, and took an interest in her. One of them suggested muscular exercises. So three times a week, either Cyril or I would go up to London with Angela for treatment.

At three and a half, she started to feed herself. Also, she could push her little heels against the rung of her high chair and so support herself in a sitting position. Her vocal cords seemed to be work-

ing slightly; she began to make a few uncertain sounds.

Then came a red-letter day. I was feeding Angela some soup, when I heard something boil over on the stove. I turned away to shut down the gas. Suddenly, I heard her wail, "Ma-ma!"

Cyril had been standing in the doorway, talking to a customer. He spun around just as I did, and both of us shrieked together, "She's spoken!"

A few months later, Angela was walking. Only a few pitifully awkward steps, it's true, but she was doing it herself! Both of us rushed to catch her up, nearly colliding in our excitement. We found ourselves laughing and crying and hugging Angela by turns. Always when our strength seemed tested beyond endurance God gave us some sign that He had not deserted us.

We would hardly have been human had we not allowed some smugness to appear in our next conversation with Dr. Young. He had given Angela only six months, and now at four she was not only alive, but getting stronger every day. "Surely, it can't be as bad as you pictured it, doctor," we insisted.

"There is always hope," he replied. "They're doing new things in surgery every day. New drugs are being discovered, new techniques developed. We must just wait and see."

When Angela was six, the children's hospital wrote, asking permission to make further tests. We quickly granted them full authority. Weeks passed. Then a telegram: *Come at once for discussion.* Within the hour we were traveling to London.

A famous New Zealand surgeon was in England to attend a medical conference. The hospital had called his attention to our case; he had seen the test results, and had consented to accept Angela as a patient.

He proved exactly the opposite of everything we had imagined. He was short, and quite young, with a thatch of thick black hair brushed untidily over his forehead. He looked almost shy. As he spoke, his eyes lighted with compassion, and he talked about our little girl as tenderly as if he were her own father.

"If I operate, I can definitely stop the convulsions," he said. "But I cannot guarantee to do more. If I stop the spasms, that should help her general progress."

The operation was called a "hemispherectomy," and meant removing half the brain. I felt numb as I took in the meaning of the words.

If the damaged part of the brain were successfully removed, it would no longer weaken the healthy part, the doctor pointed out. "Large parts of the brain can be removed without appreciable change in the intellect," he assured us. There was

one grave danger. If he overstepped the margin the operation allowed, Angela's right side might be paralyzed for all time.

"When would the operation be performed?" we asked.

"This afternoon," he replied quietly.

We were asked if we wanted to see Angela for the half hour remaining before she went up to surgery, but we refused. We were afraid that seeing her again would make us want to back out.

The operation would take about six hours, we were told. We spent the afternoon at my mother's house in the city, drinking endless cups of tea as the hours crawled by. At 6:30, we went back to the hospital, but Angela was still in surgery.

At 7:30, the surgeon walked into the waiting room. He was still in his white gown; he had come directly to us from the operation. I shall never forget how exhausted he looked, too tired to talk. As we stared at him, a slow grin, like a schoolboy's, warmed his drawn features.

"She's wonderful. She's going to be all right," he said. Then he left us. We were told we could see Angela immediately. We were amazed: apart from the white bandages on her head, she looked just as if asleep at home in bed.

We fired off telegrams; one to Dr. Murdock, back in Cheam, and one to Terry. When we got back to the hospital, Angela was sitting

up and being fed, opening and shutting her mouth like a hungry bird.

We were told that Angela would have to be in the hospital at least six months; but she recovered so fast that we took her home in a month. Everything that the great surgeon had hoped for began to come true. Within two months, Terry and Angela were playing tag in the back yard. Then they were making sand piles and going wading together. We were especially thrilled to hear Terry laughing happily again, and to see her delight in her little sister. At last, she had a playmate.

We were pleased even when Angela became quite impish. One day she poured a whole can of green paint over a pile of clothes in the laundry basket. We charged up the loss to the price of dreams come true.

A lot remains to be done. Angela is still an outpatient at the hospital. We still have to massage her limbs every night before she goes to bed. Her toys are chosen especially to help her muscles. The stain is still on her face. We plan to have it removed sometime before she grows to self-conscious womanhood.

In the six years, all of us changed. We are older, and perhaps a little

less gay. Even Terry, at ten, seems almost a grown woman. My husband, now 40, has sacrificed his chances for a career. Most prospective employers tag him as "too old." His hope now is to make his way in some small business of his own.

Yet it has all been worth it. I sometimes think now of the days when I would cry over a favorite cup getting smashed, or a piece of the furniture being scratched. I look back as at two different people to the early days of our marriage. Cyril and I were always giving or going to parties, running about in our car, going after what we called "the best out of life."

We have learned what the best things in life really are. One of our greatest pleasures is taking walks together, talking over affairs of the day, while our children run and play ahead of us.

A little while ago, a parcel was mailed to us from the hospital. A note explained that it had been wrapped some time ago, but had been mislaid. It contained a lock of Angela's hair that had been cut off in preparing her for the operation.

"We don't want this," Cyril said firmly, putting the parcel in the wastebasket. "We have Angela."

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Too many of us wait till we're in trouble before turning to prayer. Wouldn't it be wonderful if, some morning, we'd wake up and say, "Good morning, God. What can I do for You today?"

Burton Hillis in *Better Homes & Gardens*.

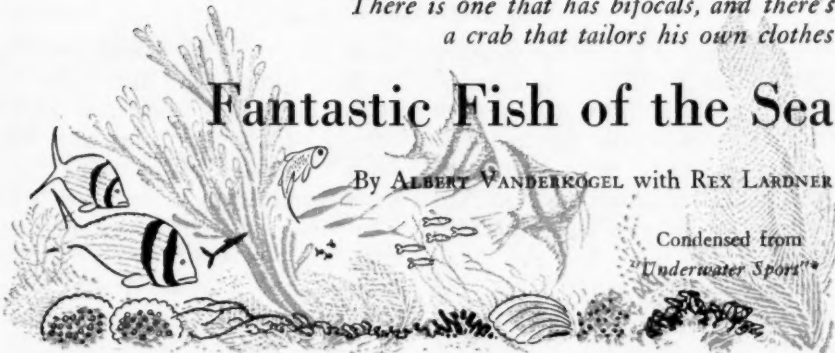


*There is one that has bifocals, and there's  
a crab that tailors his own clothes*

## Fantastic Fish of the Sea

By ALBERT VANDERKOGEL with REX LARDNER

Condensed from  
*"Underwater Sports"*



THE SEA HAS been called the last frontier, and it is an endless one. There are 300 million cubic miles of it, and it contains 40,000 species of fish (at last count) and 40,000 different kinds of mollusks. It is full of wonders, fantastic adaptations, and paradoxes.

It has animals that look like plants: the sea squirt, sponges, the sea cucumber, sea anemones. It has plants that are flowerless, rootless, seedless, and stemless. Some of its plants are as mobile as its animals. One species of marine worm has 300 separate brains and 250 stomachs; one deep-sea fish has a single luminous eye that covers the top of its head.

The sea contains "living fossils": the lungfish, the coelanth, the lamprey, the alligator gar. The smallest of the sea's creatures, microscopic, drifting plankton, are the staple food of the largest creatures, the whalebone whales. The largest fish, the whale shark, which grows

to a length of 50 feet, has tiny teeth, and dines mainly on seaweeds and small animals that swarm near the surface. Some deep-sea fish have teeth so long they cannot close their jaws. The sunfish looks like nothing but a head; the pelican fish looks like nothing but a mouth and a stringy tail. The black swallower can swallow a fish larger than itself.

Fish do not die of old age. Life in the sea is a constant search for places and ways to hide. The non-speeder and nonstinger, the non-poisoner, and the fish that takes only modest-sized bites have to hide. The sargassum fish and a shell-less snail are colored like sargasso weed and grow weedlike projections from their bodies.

The leaf fish of the Amazon looks like a dead leaf. It just drifts along, nose down, to stalk its prey. There are some fish that spend most of their lives swimming backward. They have eyelike spots near

their tail, and if a predator appears they are in position to dart away. The Nassau grouper can change its color from heavily pigmented to striped to white in a matter of seconds. Seven color changes are thought to be the maximum for any fish; but blind fish and sleeping fish never change color. At night, one species of prawn changes color to a beautiful transparent blue.

The inky smoke screen an octopus lets go interferes with its enemy's sense of smell. The sponge crab cuts out a piece of sponge with his claws and puts it on his back like a coat. As he grows, he cuts out larger coats for himself. The



decorator crab grows a plant on his back. As the plant gets larger, he prunes it.

The sea is full of specialists. The archer fish sticks its head out of water and shoots a jet of water that unerringly hits insects on the wing. The young of the convoy breeder swim into their mother's mouth when danger threatens. Electric eels of the Amazon and Orinoco stun their prey. Piranhas, the most vicious and voracious of all fish, can't get near them because of the electric fence the eels surround themselves with.

The remora is an expert hitch-

hiker who rides on sharks, whales, mantas, turtles, and the hulls of boats. If he gets frightened while near a shark, he pops into the shark's mouth temporarily. The shark can't swallow him nor spit him out. The John Dory, despite its height and width (from the side it looks like a small African war shield), is so thin, viewed face-on, that most fishes it approaches cannot see it.

*Nomeus*, a bluish fish, retreats in times of danger to the sanctuary of the stinging tentacles of the Portuguese man-of-war; a pursuing fish, not having the password (or whatever it is that *Nomeus* has that allows it to swim among the tentacles), gets caught, stung, and digested. *Nomeus* gets the leftovers.

The Indian angler fish and the deep-sea angler are alike in one respect. Each waggles a lure, a remarkable forward extension of the dorsal fin. The deep-sea kind's is even luminous. When a hungry fish comes by, either species of angler pulls the lure out of the way and lets its mouth hang open. The prey is pulled in by suction. The Indian species has pectoral fins that allow it to shuffle along the bottom like a lazy puppy. The walking fish, an Australian paradox, breathes better through its tail than through its gills, and climbs out of the water to hunt for insects on land.

Pursued by an enemy, the flying

fish can glide up to 400 yards, three feet off the surface, at 40 miles an hour. To cut down speed before landing, it lowers its large ventral fins like airplane flaps. The butterfly fish, whose tail lifts it out of water, can rise 20 feet in the air and glide for several hundred feet. But fish restricted to the water have to have other protective devices. The puffer and the porcupine fish blow themselves up to look unappetizing to predators. There is a crab in the Indian ocean with feeble claws and a fairly weak shell. He keeps his enemies away by poking sea anemones at them.

The bonito is said to be able to whisk himself through the water for 100 yards with a single flip of his tail. Trunkfish, because of their rigid torsos, have to propel themselves by whirling their fins. Flounders, when grown up, swim with a horizontal wavy motion. Rays are best described as flying through the water, their huge pectoral fins working like wings.

Schools of mantas look like bats in a cave. Batfish crawl along sea bottoms like giant toads. The gurnard prances along the bottom on points of two pairs of three large spines, a split-off portion of its pectoral fins. Scallops, like cuttlefish and octopi, get around by jet propulsion.

In the Nile is a fish that swims upside down, its belly being more pigmented than its back and its mouth above its eyes. The four-

eyed fish has two pupils in each eye, for air vision and for water vision. It looks for food with the top set and enemies with the lower. Since fish have no tear glands, it has to keep ducking its head to moisten the upper set. Needlefish, which hunt near the surface of the water in the tropics, have ridges over their eyes that protect them from the glare of the sun.

Fish do odd things. The mako shark, for no apparent reason, may throw himself 15 feet out of the water and land on the deck of a



boat. The California gray whale is seemingly so terrified of killer whales, that, when pursued, it flips over on its back, paralyzed.

Some catfish are smart enough to come when called to dinner by people, and to recognize who feeds them and who doesn't.

The porpoise, brightest and most playful of all sea denizens, is considered as intelligent as a chimpanzee. Flippy, a porpoise experimentally trained by scientists at the Marineland laboratory, in Florida, has been taught to roll over in the water at a voice or hand signal, jump through a hoop, catch a fish thrown from 50 feet away, ring his own dinner bell, play catch with an inner tube, and tow a young lady on an aquaplane.

*Father McKechney uses puppies to signal  
his pitchers and base runners*



## Baseball Boom in Japan

日本野球 By JOHN J. McKECHNEY, S.J.

Condensed from *Jesuit Missions*\*



YAMAZOE SAN, star pitcher of the Sophia university baseball team, stood outside the dormitory viciously swinging a heavy bat. There is nothing unusual about a boy swinging a bat in this baseball-mad country of Japan, but the time Yamazoe San selected for his exercise was definitely out of the ordinary. It was ten o'clock at night.

"I want to hit home runs," he explained.

"Well, you'll never do it that way." I proceeded to point out a few obvious defects in his form. He and I settled down to a half-hour of concentrated swinging. The next day, Yamazoe hit a home run. It was the last one he ever hit, but my reputation was made.

Shortly afterwards, a delegation from the school team asked me to be their coach. Sophia's baseball fortunes were at an all-time low. Not only was the team without a coach, but only the oldest members of the faculty could remember when they had last won a game.

There were no more than 12 or 13 boys on the squad, and it was a rare day when as many as five showed up for practice.

My first problem was to get players. After spending the rest of the season vainly cajoling every likely looking prospect in the school to come out for the team, I finally decided to work on human nature.

Next year's budget went into uniforms, the flashiest I could find in Tokyo. Then I raised enough money to buy jumpers with a big white S over the left pocket. The squad was instructed to wear those jumpers at all times, day and night, under penalty of being cut from the team. Applications for tryouts began to come in. Our squad was growing; we got 18, 20, and finally 25 players.

A foreigner watching a Japanese baseball game for the first time can easily be deceived. He sees the two opposing teams line up with the umpires at home plate before and after each game, take off their caps,

\*45 E. 78th St., New York City 21. June, 1955. Copyright 1955 by Jesuit Missions, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

bow, and wish each other luck. He might assume that the players are too polite to play the game hard. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Our 2nd baseman is on the sidelines right now nursing a spike wound presented him by a runner who was already hopelessly out, and whose team was some ten runs behind.

Possibly because of American influence, we have the best bench jockeys in the league. The 720th MP's (an American GI team) will bear me out on this. In their game with us, their infield began the traditional incessant chatter: "Come on, baby," "Come on, George," etc. That went on for about one inning. Then they began to hear "Come on, baby," "Come on, George," echoed with a grating Japanese accent from our bench. By the 3rd inning, not a word could be heard from the American side of the field.

Leo Durocher would gasp at our signal system. Our two Akita pups are at my feet throughout our games. Talking to one or petting one may mean a squeeze play or a bunt. Doing the same to the other may be a hit-and-run play or a steal. After a few innings, we go into a huddle and change signals. Then the team is instructed to watch the way I hold the cigarette I have in my hand. If I could blow smoke rings we would have still another signal. Actually, the signals bring off the desired play only

half the time. But we would not think of giving them up. Their use convinces our boys that they are practically professionals.

Then, too, our signs serve the additional purpose of taking the minds of the opposition off the game. They concentrate so heavily on trying to "steal" our signs that getting our batters out seems to be secondary. We have actually won games when balls were thrown to infielders who were looking at me instead of the playing field.

Much of the American terminology has been retained in Japanese baseball. The ordinary Japanese jargon can be obtained merely by mispronouncing American words: "Striku," "Barru," "Firsto," "Pitcha," and "Catcha." As our own boys pride themselves on their knowledge of English, however, we speak a language that can be recognized neither in America nor in Japan. "Make chance" means "start a rally." "Nokay" is "OK." "No mind" is always repeated after we make an error or strike out.

How does Japanese baseball measure up to American? The lopsided victories gained by various visiting American all-star teams over the best of the Japanese professionals indicate that the Japanese still have a lot to learn. Our own collegiate league plays good American high-school baseball. Nevertheless, there will come a time when America will have to look to her baseball laurels. Nowhere in

America is there such an interest in the sport. A Japanese boy is no sooner out of the diaper stage than he is playing ball.

The baseball fields in Tokyo are in constant use. I have seen fully uniformed teams getting ready to play as early as 5:30 A.M. The bigger universities always draw be-

tween 60,000 to 70,000 fans to their games. The same holds for the annual high-school tourney, where the games are broadcast over a nation-wide hookup. All they lack is the American "know-how." If they ever get that, a future World Series will probably be played between the Yankees and the Tokyo Giants.



### *Hearts Are Trumps*

OURS WAS A LONELY LIFE, for we had no children, and my husband's work made it necessary for us to make our home in a remote part of Africa. We had been married nine years, and I had just about given up hope of ever conceiving a child.

One day Kathleen, the daughter of one of my husband's colleagues, came to us. She was in deep trouble. She had fallen in love with a divorced man. Like us, she was a Catholic, and when she found that there was to be a child, she had turned to us for help. She repented her misdeeds, and had no wish to offend God further by marrying out of the Church.

We were glad to have Kathleen, and we were eager to adopt her baby. Marion was born in May, an adorable child, with large brown eyes and red-gold curls. We nearly lost Kathleen, but she pulled through. However, the doctor said that she could never bear another child.

When Marion was a few weeks old, Kathleen left us to start life anew in a distant community where she was not known. Marion became the center of our whole world.

Five months passed, and we heard that Kathleen had married. Then the thing we had half dreaded happened. Kathleen came to see her child, bringing her husband along.

From the moment I saw Marion with them, I knew that we must give her up. It nearly broke our hearts, but we prayed to God for the courage to do what was right, and to do it without bitterness. They left us one hot November morning, and we returned to a life that seemed far lonelier than before.

But God answered our prayer. More than that, He rewarded us with a very special blessing. It was but a few months later that I became aware that I was to have a child. She was born on the anniversary of the day Marion had left us. Our baby has pale-gold hair, and eyes that match the African skies. We have called her Marion, too.

Cecelia Renée.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]



# That Prayer Room for Congress

*To get a place to be quiet with God, legislators had to do some very quiet politicking*

By WILLIAM L. RIVERS  
Condensed from the *Ave Maria*\*

**T**WO MEMBERS of Congress began a campaign three years ago to correct an oversight of 164 years duration. Representative Brooks Hays, of Arkansas, and Senator A. S. (Mike) Monroney, of Oklahoma, were walking through swirling snow in Washington. Senator Monroney suddenly turned to Congressman Hays, and said, "Brooks, don't you think it would be a good thing to have a room at the Capitol where we might meditate and pray; a special place where the mood of prayer could be encouraged?"

Hays was caught up by the suggestion. The next day, he introduced in the House a resolution authorizing "a room with facilities for prayer and meditation, for the use of the members of the Senate and the House of Representatives." Monroney introduced

an identical resolution in the Senate.

Authorization for a prayer room had never before been proposed. Benjamin Franklin had, indeed, established the habit of prayer before every session of Congress when he said at the Constitutional Convention on June 28, 1787, "In this situation of this Assembly, groping as it were for political truth, how has it happened, Sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights

to illuminate our understandings? I therefore beg leave to move that henceforth prayers imploring the assistance of heaven, and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in this Assembly every morning before we proceed to business."

The prayer room resolution offered to Congress opened a new avenue for help.



\*2400 N. Eddy Rd., Notre Dame, Ind. July 30, 1955. Copyright 1955, and reprinted with permission.

But more than three years passed before the representatives of every religious faith in Congress saw their hope become a reality.

On Mar. 22, 1955, a small, tastefully furnished prayer room just off the Capitol rotunda was opened. To Congressman Hays, Congresswoman Katherine St. George of New York, Congressman Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, and Senator Monroney—who were among the leaders in the move to establish the prayer room—it was another in a long line of legislative efforts, many of which had required considerably more time. But this was the strangest legislative struggle in which they had ever engaged.

Constituents wondered why the legislation took so long. It seemed that such a praiseworthy plan would be approved immediately.

The Hays-Monroney resolution was introduced during the 2nd year of the 82nd Congress. Congressional sessions are made up of two-year periods. When a bill or resolution fails to pass by the end of the session, it must start all over in the next Congress, running from the floor to committee and back, again in competition with thousands of measures.

The resolutions died in both houses of Congress at the end of the session in 1952, but the principal sponsors of the prayer-room proposal hadn't really expected it to pass before adjournment. Neither did they expect trouble in passing

it eventually. They introduced their resolutions again in February, 1953, and confidently expected them to pass easily.

But the sponsors were introducing an entirely new concept, one that might be interpreted as a violation of the doctrine of separation of church and state. They decided that the proposal must be passed without publicity. They decided, after consultations among members of all faiths, that it would be better to generate support as a private matter within Congress.

The fear that opposition would materialize on grounds of church-state separation proved to be largely unfounded. Congressmen talked about it, but the consensus seemed to support Rep. Eugene McCarthy. He pointed out that every session of both the House and the Senate is opened with prayer, and that the motto on U.S. coins is public affirmation of religious truth. "Religion and morality have long been recognized as good and necessary in themselves," Representative McCarthy told the doubters, "but also as essential to the working of a democratic political system."

McCarthy's speech helped settle the question in the House. After many quiet discussions, the House passed the resolution unanimously on July 17, 1953.

But the story was different in the Senate. There, the resolution was referred to the Rules committee, and there the sponsors of the

proposal found serious opposition. A Rules committee member reported to Hays, "We discussed it on two or three occasions, and there was little support for it in the committee. Of course, everyone was in full sympathy with the purpose and thought behind the resolution, but the objections were very numerous.

"It was asserted that prayer was a personal matter between the petitioner and his Maker, and there was a repeated quotation from the Sermon on the Mount in which the Master enjoined against prayer in public places 'where they may be seen by men. But thou when thou shalt pray enter into thy chamber, and having shut the door, pray to thy Father in secret.'

"And it was repeatedly said that there would be a great tendency on the part of members of Congress to have themselves photographed either in the room or entering the room so that photographs could be circulated among their constituents and thus use the room for publicity purposes.

"It was also urged that it would be impossible to place any particular symbol over the entrance to designate the room. The cross, the crescent, and other religious symbols could not be used because that would interfere with religions not recognizing these symbols.

"It was also urged that such a room should be open to the public if they care to use it, and, as owners of the Capitol, they would be

bitterly resentful if they were forbidden to enter the room; and if allowed to enter, it would again be a parade of religion rather than what it was intended to be."

This was serious (and powerful) opposition that the sponsors had not counted on. They threw out most of the established rules for countering opposition to legislation. They talked of taking the case to the people, but then decided to continue the fight without publicity or pressure.

Thus began the climax of one of the strangest legislative drives in history. Usually, press releases go out to the Washington press corps, reporters friendly to legislators are asked to help, lobbyists are asked to push the legislation personally and inspire letter-writing campaigns (Congressional mail is figured in pounds on some issues), and joint statements from senators and congressmen are publicized.

Instead, those who backed the measure began a personal discussion drive that is probably without parallel. Visitors speculating on whether two senators at a table were talking about reciprocal trade or the internal-security program would have been surprised to learn that they were discussing religion. There was a good chance that the congressman who was visiting a senator or buttonholing him in a corridor was asking that he get behind the prayer-room resolution.

To the objection that prayer is

a personal matter, Congressmen Hays, McCarthy, and their helpers answered, "The strain of work is heavy. We attend Sunday services, but we have little opportunity during the session to find a few moments for the prayers we all need. With this prayer room, we'll not only have a place, we'll have a daily reminder and have a symbol of the U.S. under God."

But what of the danger that the prayer room will be exploited for publicity purposes? The answer: "Is the temptation greater here than at home? No, it would be less of a temptation. Also, we plan to have a *private* prayer room for members of Congress only, and we will see to it that it isn't exploited."

Won't the public demand the right to use the prayer room? "We'll get a few letters, but the public by and large won't object. We will emphasize the fact that the prayer room is for prayer for members of Congress during their working day, and that no effort is being made to set up a prayer room for everyone who just happens to come by. It's not an easy decision to make, but we think it's necessary."

But how are we to furnish the prayer room when all religions must be represented? "The room will have no religious symbols of any denomination. Each of us can take the symbols required by our faith into the room with us."

On May 4, 1954, the Senate, after

wrestling with what one member admitted was "the most trying matter of conscience I have ever decided," unanimously passed the resolution.

Quoting Father John Courtney Murray, Congressman McCarthy said, "For a century and a half, the U.S. has displayed to the world the fact that political unity and stability are not inherently dependent on the common sharing of one religious faith."

Rep. Joseph Martin, speaker of the House when Republicans control Congress, offered a small room in the Capitol when the Senate had passed the resolution. Then a special committee of Congressmen, Representatives Hays, St. George, and Karl LeCompte, of Iowa, was appointed to conclude the project. Martin remarked when he appointed the committee that another precedent was being set: Congressman Hays was the first Democratic chairman of a Republican committee.

The furnishing and decorating of a room that could be used for prayer by all faiths called for consultation with Washington religious leaders. Father Edward J. Herrmann, assistant chancellor of the Archdiocese of Washington; the Rev. Frederick Brown Harris, Senate chaplain; the Rev. Dr. Bernard Braskamp, House chaplain; and Rabbi Norman Gerstenfeld, minister of the Washington Hebrew congregation, agreed on ev-

ery aspect of the new prayer room.

The prayer room is dominated by a stained-glass window with the kneeling figure of George Washington in the center. Etched beneath the figure are the words of the first verse of the 16th Psalm: "Preserve me, O God, for in Thee do I put my trust."

Blue accents the entire room, which has a dark blue rug and simple armchairs upholstered in light blue leather.

On the blond oak altar is an open Bible. Two seven-pronged

candelabra are placed before the altar, and directly in front of each is a blond oak *prie-dieu*. The American flag stands in one corner.

Congress has allowed photographers to picture only the empty room. When it was nearing completion, a photographer asked Congressman Hays to pose in the room. But he reported back to his colleagues with the information that Hays had said quietly, "No. We are serious about this. This room is to be used for quiet prayer. We will not dramatize nor exploit it."



### *Cracks Behind the Curtain*

THE MANAGER of a food shop in Budapest got so tired of telling his customers he didn't have what they wanted that he trained his parrot to answer their requests.

The idea worked fine until a customer walked in and gave the popular greeting "*Szabadsag!*" which means freedom. The parrot gave his usual reply. The next day, the manager was arrested.

The customer had turned out to be a member of the secret police, and what the parrot had said was, "So sorry, we don't have any—but we'll have some soon."

Milwaukee Journal (28 June '54).



BEFORE going to Belgrade to see Marshal Tito last spring, Comrade Krushev decided to get himself a decent suit. So he took a piece of British cloth to his tailor in Moscow. The man shook his head. "There might possibly be enough material for a pair of trousers, but hardly enough for a suit," he said.

Krushev, determined to have his suit, took the cloth with him to Belgrade, and visited a Yugoslav tailor, who assured him that he would have it ready soon.

"That's funny," remarked Krushev. "I was told in Moscow there wasn't enough material."

"Ah," replied the tailor, "but you're a bigger man in Moscow than you are here in Belgrade."

London Sunday Express (5 June '55).

# Is This the Face of Christ?

By FRANCIS L. FILAS, S.J.

Condensed from *Columbia*\*

AT A PUBLIC exposition in 1898, a well-known photographer accidentally stumbled on a great discovery. The vague sepia markings on the Holy Shroud, an age-old burial cloth kept at Turin, Italy, and venerated for centuries as the winding sheet that had wrapped Christ's body in the tomb, had qualities like a photographic negative.

On a camera film (which reverses the natural lights and shadows) the marks revealed the body of a man who had been scourged, crowned with some kind of object that punctured his brow and scalp, and crucified.

The body was stiff with the *rigor mortis* that develops some hours after death. The Man of the Shroud was fully adult, though not middle-aged. He was about six feet tall, and his build indicated a weight of 170 to 180 pounds. Who was he? Or was it a man? Might the shroud not be a clever forgery, perhaps a painting?

But no, that could hardly be. Here was a cloth more than 14 feet long and three and a half feet wide, certainly in existence since

1355. Yet 1355 was centuries before the camera was invented, long before any one could even guess what a photographic negative would be.

Today the most expert artist can do no more than retouch a negative. It is impossible to paint a negative, simply because the human eye and imagination cannot blindly and mechanically reverse lights and shadows. We see and copy things only as they are.

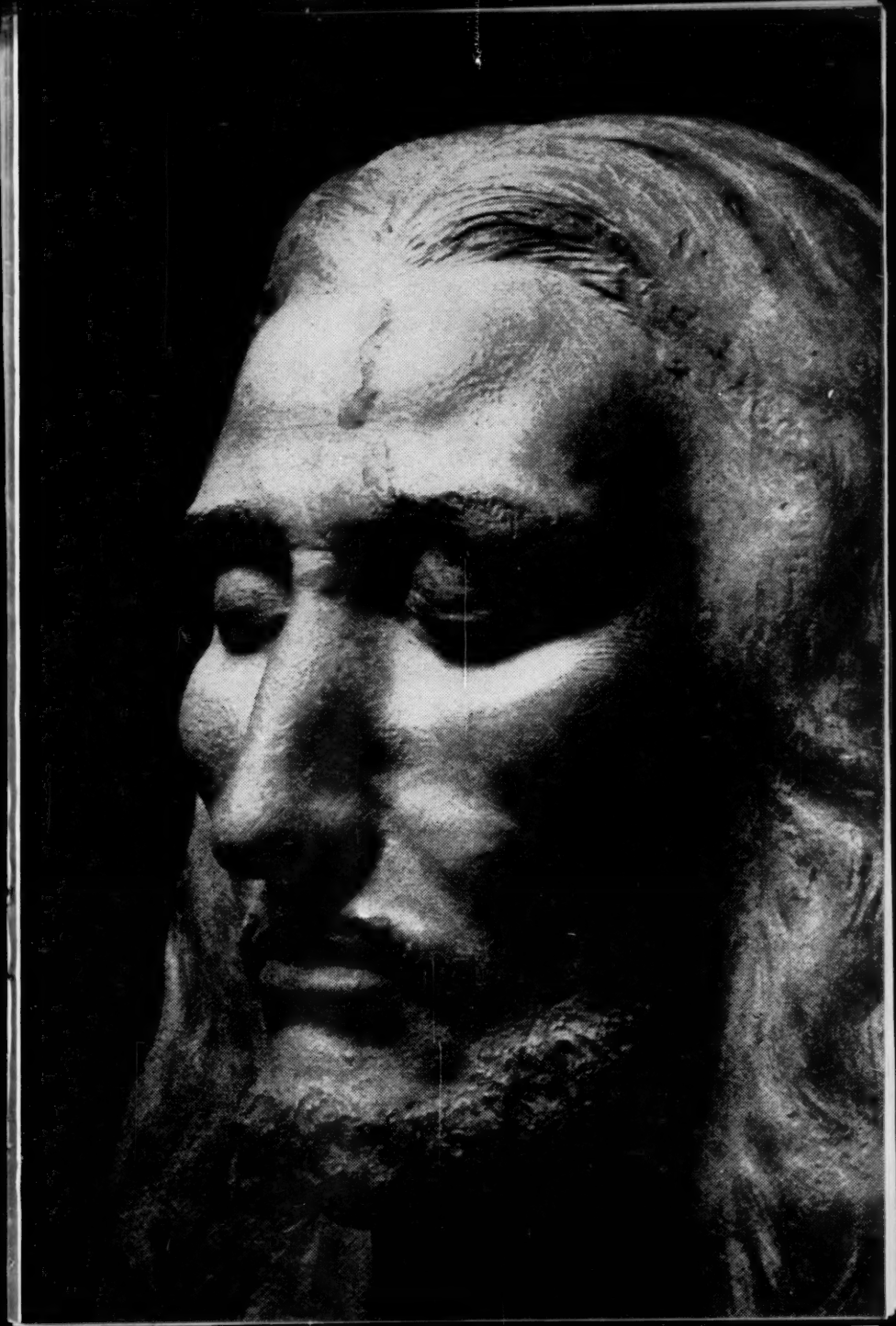
Did a clever medieval artist paint the imprints of a crucified man? Or, with the passing of time did the light-colored tints turn dark, and the dark turn light? No, that was impossible for several reasons, but mainly because the shroud is not *completely* like a photographic negative.

There are two kinds of stains on it: there are the vague sepia outlines of the body; and there are the bloodstains which appear in a circlet around the head, at the marks of the nail in the soles of the feet, in the left wrist, and most of all, at a wound in the right side.

No scientific law would reverse only *some* tints, and then fail to reverse others. Under high magni-

\*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn. April, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Knights of Columbus, and reprinted with permission.







**Professor Lorenzo Ferri of Rome, painter, sculptor, and art teacher, studied pictures of the shroud, and experimented with clay for 25 years to produce what he regards as a close likeness of the head of Christ. Working with photographic techniques, he reproduced on cloth the imprint that appears on the shroud.**

fication, the shroud never shows brush marks or pigment.

Medieval painters certainly did not know enough about blood chemistry or blood circulation to place stains at the proper places and to indicate the changes that occur in blood flowing before one dies or afterward.

Art experts remind us that paint-

ers before 1350 could not portray the symmetry of the body; yet the shroud's frontal and dorsal imprints fit each other in life size.

Whether or not the shroud is genuine cannot be decided by historical research. The cloth was brought to Turin in 1578. Previous to that time it had been kept in various chapels in France, back to

He reduced the shroud image to one-fourth its original size; then carved a figure that corresponds exactly to the photographic reproduction.

After similar experiments with living human subjects enveloped in a sheet the same size as the shroud, Professor Ferri estimated the height of Christ as between 6'1" and 6'2½".



1353, the year when the collegiate church at Lirey, France, was built. It is positively certain that by 1355 the shroud was at Lirey. But then the historical trail becomes obscure.

Most likely the shroud was brought to France by some member of the 4th Crusade in 1202-1204, as a relic stolen from the Church of Our Lady of Blachernes in Constantinople.

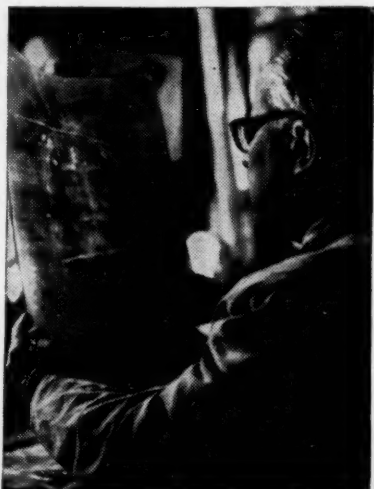
Of the intervening centuries back to the first Good Friday nothing can directly be known. The late Dr. Paul Vignon made a study of paintings of Christ in those early centuries, and he concluded that there seemed to be

**The feet turn sharply downward with the left over the right. The imprint establishes that the body was crucified with three nails, and that the left shoulder was dislocated.**



By studying the negative of the imprint of the face on the shroud, Professor Ferri was able to model a head in clay.

Over this clay model he adjusted a reproduction of the imprint as it is on the shroud. The clay head and image coincided exactly in every detail.





The reliefs of the model match exactly the shadows of the imprint.

artistic dependence on the face of the Man of the Shroud as the model from which these faces of Christ were drawn. That would indicate an even earlier existence and veneration of the relic.

But the absence of a visible historical link with Calvary requires a different kind of reasoning. Is the cloth of such a nature that it *must* be Christ's?

Let's look at it logically. Either the Shroud of Turin is the burial cloth of Jesus, or it is not. We cannot say at once that it does belong

to our Lord. But we can try to eliminate the possibility that it could belong to someone else.

First will come the evidence from photography, anatomy, chemistry, and art that the markings are not a forgery, but that they were made by the body of a man who had been crucified. This still would not prove that the body was that of Jesus, but deliberate forgery is eliminated.

So to the second step. When we begin to compare all the unusual events that happened to Jesus, with

the record of the unusual way in which the Man's body was treated, the chance that it could be the body of anyone other than our Lord becomes very slim.

The Man of the Shroud was crucified. He was given a hasty, incomplete burial. He was not washed nor anointed, but merely covered with a winding sheet. (The Jewish custom was to dress the dead in their best clothes, not to mummify them.) Jesus was given a hasty burial late Good Friday afternoon.

The Man of the Shroud was scourged and was crowned with something that could have been thorns. He evidently must have been mocked as a king. The heart wound on the right side had to be made by a large instrument, and a watery flow of blood issued from it. Its appearance indicates

that it was made after the Man died. The side of Jesus was pierced with a spear after He died, and "blood and water" came forth.

Why would any family have kept such a relic of one of its members, so reminiscent of disgrace and death, *unless* something magnificently unexpected had happened to blot out the agony the shroud reflects?

The shroud itself is not of a medieval weave. It is a rich cloth, a linen serge with a herringbone twill that only the wealthy could afford. How could any poor criminal or slave have been given *exactly* the same paradoxical hasty, rich burial that Joseph of Arimathea gave Christ after scourging, crowning, and crucifixion?

The most telling argument for identifying the Man as Jesus are the bloodstains on the cloth. Under high magnification these stains show changes in blood chemistry that occur in blood both before and after death.

Moreover, there is not the slightest sign of tampering with the wounds. Photographic enlargement shows the normal meandering of the blood streams, and the normal absorption of blood serum into the cloth by capillary action ahead of the coloring matter.

**Pictures reproduced with permission of Professor L. Ferri and Holy Shroud Guild, Esopus, N. Y., copyright owners.**







The scientific mystery is precisely this series of bloodstains, even more than the sepia stains from the outline of the body. *Who* could know *how* and *when* to remove the shroud from the body in such a manner that centuries later scientists could examine the large photos of the wounds and declare them perfect, just as if they had come from the cloth instead of being transferred to it?

One can only make a supposition: if the body of the Man of the Shroud rose from the dead, it would pass through the cloth, and leave the bloodstains behind. And then we have not yet considered the beauty and majesty of the face which the camera film reveals on the shroud.

What does the Church say about

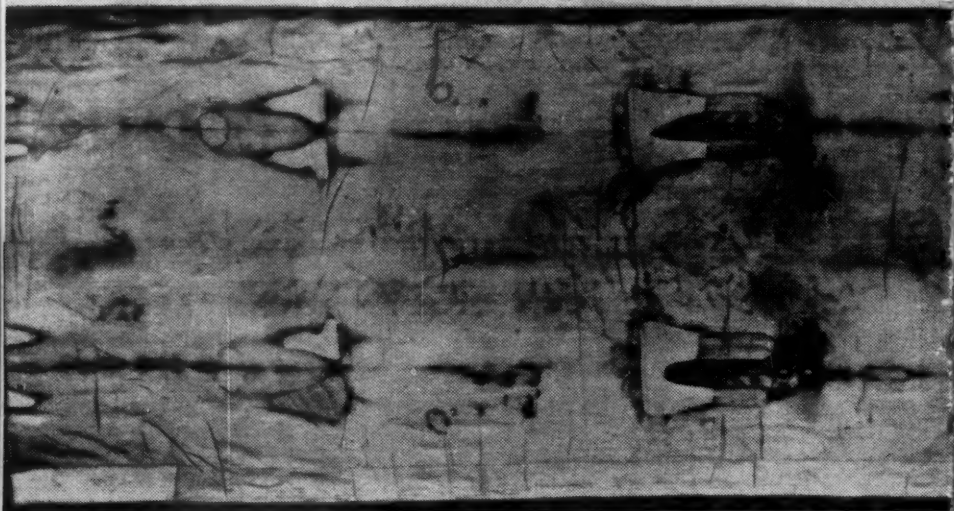
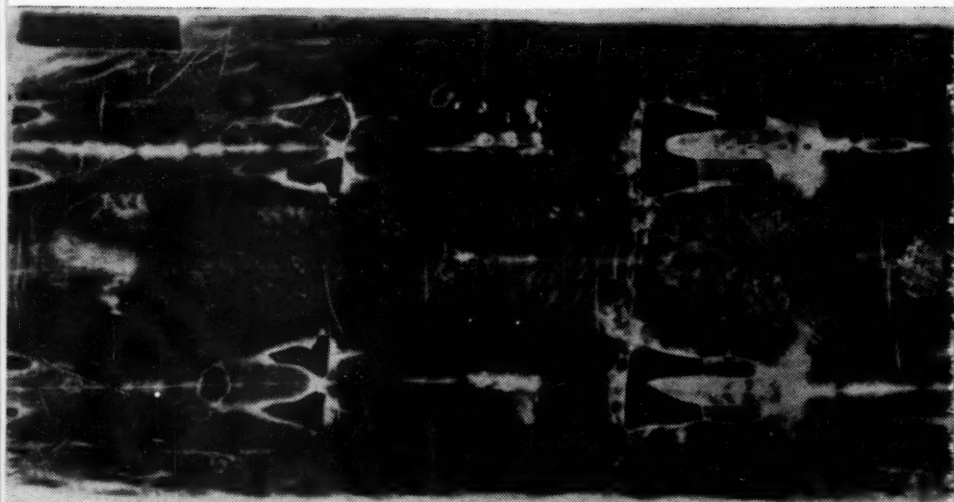
the shroud? Belief in the authenticity of the shroud is not an object of *official* Catholic faith. Catholics must believe that honoring relics is something good, but the Church does not officially *require* belief in the authenticity of any particular relic. The shroud has been repeatedly approved by many Popes, among them Pius XI.

What do scientists say? Those who have studied the subject agree that we cannot even approach a reasonable duplication of the shroud in our laboratories today.

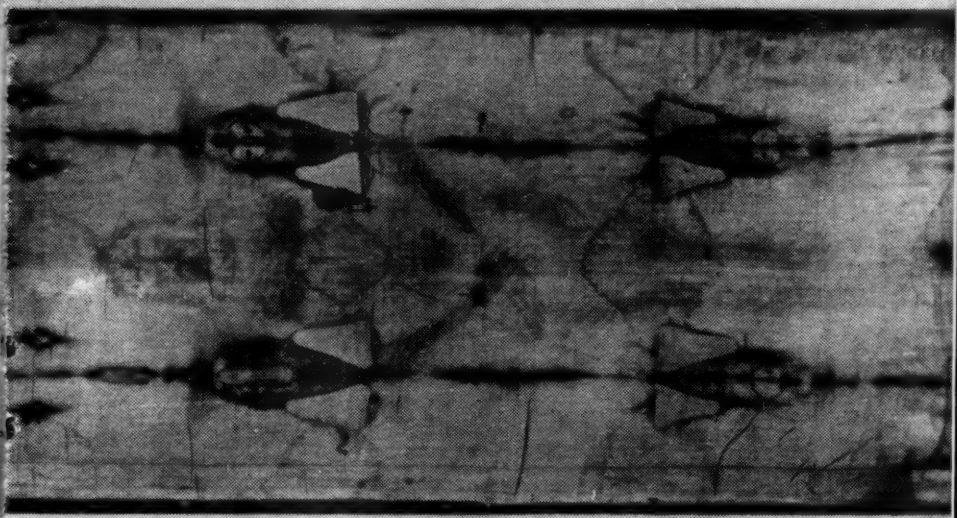
May the shroud be examined? No. It is locked within a special container in the Cathedral of Turin. It has been shown publicly only three or four times a century, out of reverence and a desire to protect it from damage by handling. It does not belong to the Church, but is the property of the royal House of Savoy.

"Why have I never heard about this before?" This is perhaps the most amusing of popular queries. The reason is this. Information had not been widely available in this country until some years ago, when Father E. A. Wuenschel, C.S.S.R., founded the Holy Shroud guild at Esopus, N. Y.

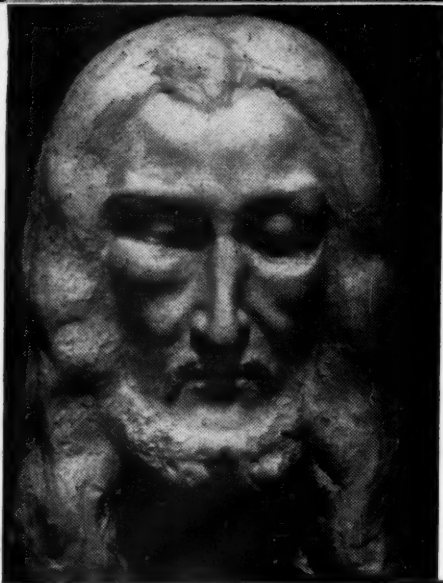
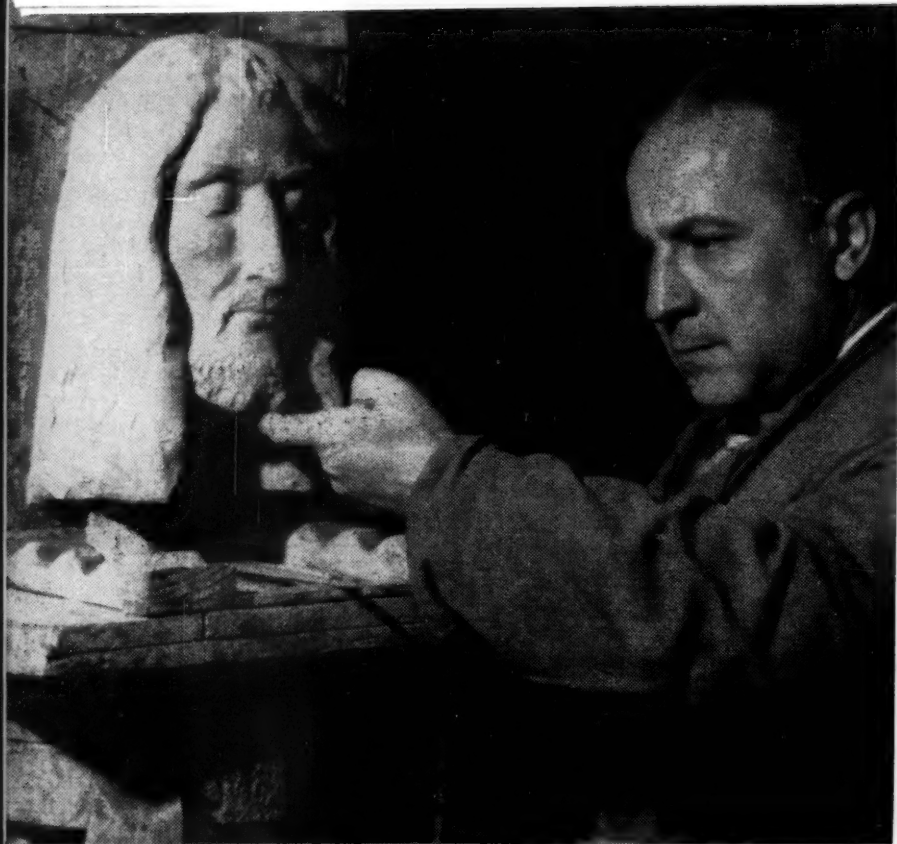
Isn't this all too good to be true, that by the providence of God we seem to have a photograph of Jesus? Many a person who has carefully scrutinized the evidence turns away, and murmurs, "It's too good *not* to be true!"



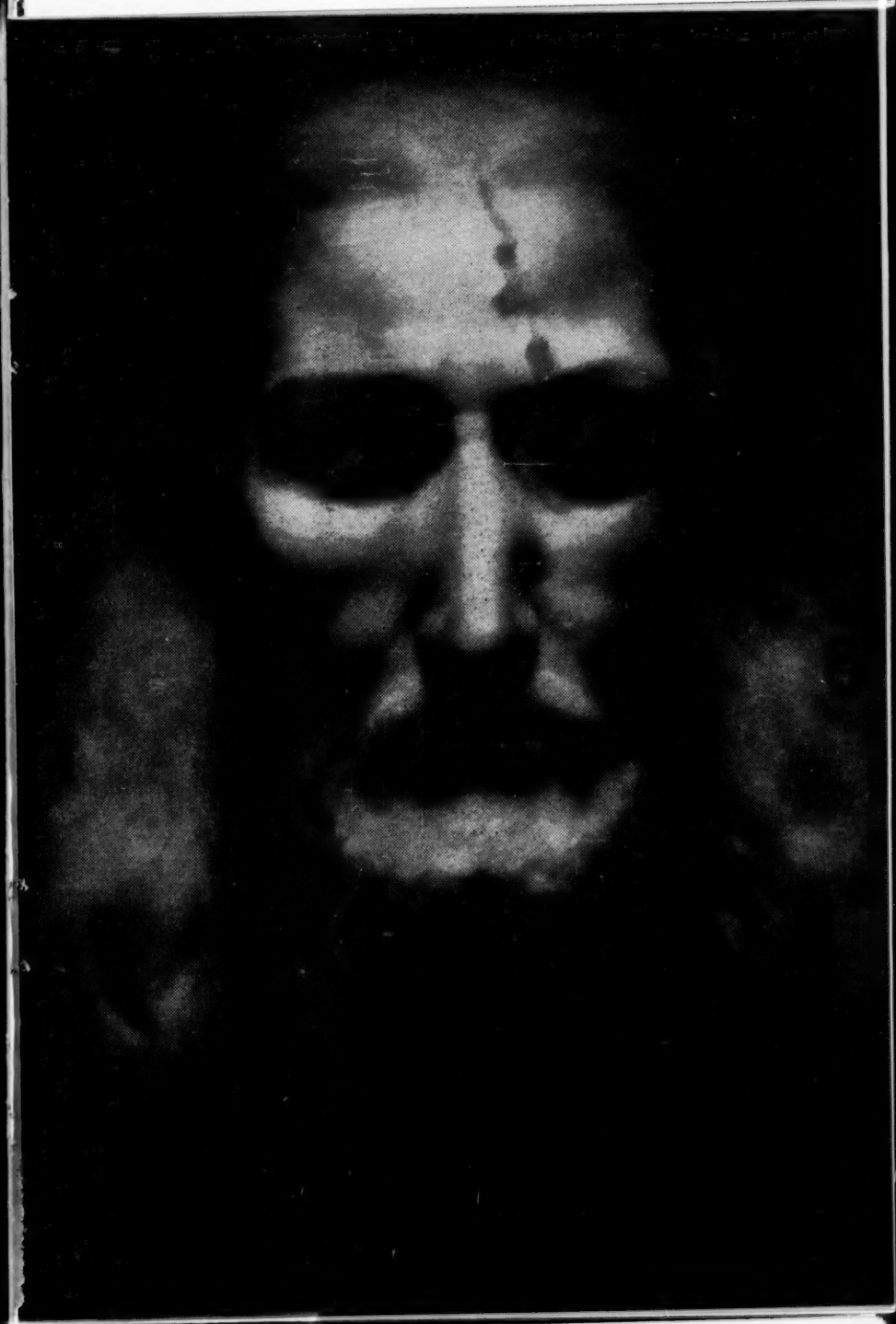
If you examined the shroud, you would see what appears in the lower photograph. The triangles are patches sewn over holes burned in the shroud during a fire in 1532. Now turn your Catholic Digest sideways so that page 64 is farthest from you. The black photograph shows the shroud as it appears on the negative (from which prints are made).



The negative reveals the stains on the shroud as positive images, and gives us the actual appearance of the body which lay wrapped in this shroud. Look at the portion nearest you, and you will see the front view of the body. The body was laid on half of the long sheet, which was then folded over the head and drawn down to the feet.



Speaking of the face on the shroud of Turin, the French poet, Paul Claudel, remarked: "There is something overwhelming in those closed eyes in that masterly countenance that seems to bear the impress of eternity."



*Does Bulganin have your phone number? Millions of names are on file with personal information in the great Soviet index*

## Russia's Secret Weapon

By E. H. COOKRIDGE

Condensed from "Soviet Spy Net"\*

**R**USSIA'S SECRET weapon is an index, located in a big building near the Kremlin, in Moscow. It is probably the greatest collection of personal files in the world. More than 250 clerks are employed solely in keeping the Index up to date. The files are stored on eight floors, in hundreds of rooms, each secured by steel doors which open and shut electrically. Thousands of steel cabinets hold millions of yellow-backed files.

The Index includes files on millions of foreigners who would be astonished to learn that the Soviet secret service even knows their names. But anyone who has ever been in a position to know the smallest official secret, anyone who has ever worked in a government office or on armament production, or come into the slightest contact with men from the other side of the Iron Curtain, socially or officially, or merely expressed in the



hearing of a communist agent a remark sympathetic to Russia, may have his name on a file in one of the steel cabinets.

Apart from data about place, and date of birth, parents, family, residence and occupation, the Index records apparently trifling details. These may include the names of teachers, classmates, relatives, girl friends, colleagues, restaurants frequented, places visited on vacations, interests, and hobbies. Excerpts from private letters written or received, records of tapped telephone conversations, reports of speeches and articles, and even of private remarks, are filed. "Dirt" is assiduously collected, often on the most slender foundations.

The ex-Russian spy, Vladimir Petrov, says he was told to record especially any weakness of people with access to government information, their religious beliefs, and any extramarital relationships or

\*Frederick Muller, Ltd., London. Copyright 1955, and reprinted with permission. 264 pp. \$2.15.



sexual abnormalities. Also, their behavior when drinking was to be noted, and any remark that might be construed favorably for Russia was to be seized upon.

Inside Russia, the Index is a terror weapon. Outside, its purpose is to help find agents for espionage and sabotage or, when the situation is considered ripe, for military action in an uprising. An obvious other use is for blackmail.

Every person of any importance who has had contact with a communist organization and may be regarded even remotely as a sympathizer is registered. His name is entered in the Index and material is collected for a more detailed description. The file may not be needed for a year, five years, or ten years—until the person concerned may happen to have access to desired information, or be of use in some other way.

As an example, take the case of David Greenglass. As a boy of 16, Greenglass joined the Young Communist League of America, apparently persuaded by his older sister. He seems to have been easygoing, and when other interests arose he quit going to Party meetings.

Certainly he was no communist when he was drafted into the army. He was given technical training, and in July, 1944, posted to the "Manhattan District Project," code name of the Oak Ridge, Tenn., atomic plant. Later on, he was sent to Los Alamos. There the security

arrangements were so strict that after some weeks, during which he had made several pieces of scientific apparatus, he had no idea what they were for.

But the Soviet secret service knew that Los Alamos was concerned with making an atomic bomb. The rigid security made the chances of getting an agent into any vital department of the plant extremely remote. The only possibility was to find men within from whom information could be extracted.

The Index was consulted. In due course, the card of David Greenglass turned up. It showed that he had been a Young Communist but had given up through lack of enthusiasm. But it also showed that he was a good-natured youth, easily influenced, particularly by his sister Ethel and his wife Ruth. It showed that Ethel had married Julius Rosenberg, an ardent communist who had "gone underground" to do espionage and had already obtained important information on radar.

The way was clear. Ethel had merely to use her influence with David and Ruth Greenglass. The rest of the story is well known. The point is that neither Ethel nor Julius Rosenberg knew at first that David was doing work connected with the atomic bomb. Greenglass himself did not realize what he was doing until the Rosenbergs told him. But the Index knew all,

and the apparently trivial information about a not very enthusiastic Young Communist, filed away years before, cracked the security of the most closely guarded installation in the world.

The records of the Moscow Index on atomic scientists Nunn May and Klaus Fuchs were better than those of the security forces of the countries in which they worked. Early in 1945, Moscow sent Colonel Zabotin, chief of the Canadian spying, information about Nunn May which must have come from the Index. Zabotin sent Lieutenant Angelov, one of his staff, to see Nunn May at his apartment in Montreal.

Dr. May himself recorded the incident thus, in his written statement: "I was contacted by an individual whose identity I decline to divulge. He apparently knew I was employed by the Montreal laboratory and he sought information from me concerning atomic research." The knowledge that Nunn May was doing atomic research in a Montreal laboratory and might prove a willing tool came from Moscow, not from an agent in Canada.

What the Index recorded about Nunn May's activities and character we do not know, but the fact that Zabotin took the risk of sending one of his own staff to him suggests he had been told by Moscow that the contact would at least not result in Nunn May going to the police.

The name of Klaus Fuchs was undoubtedly in the Index. He had been a member of a communist student group at Kiel university before he emigrated to Britain. He does not appear to have been prominent in the group, and possibly little more than his name and age was recorded. But years later, when Moscow received a message from a London agent saying that "one Fuchs has been in touch," the Index was able to verify his existence, and confirm the fact that he was not a "plant" by British intelligence. The Russians gave the order to "develop" him as fully and as rapidly as possible. A hint that his early communist connections might be pointed out to the British was enough to persuade him to hand over secret information.

The Index contains the names of thousands of men and women of complete integrity and loyalty. Two Canadian army officers were indexed and even given code names on the strength of nothing more than normal politeness to Soviet diplomats. Documents submitted to the Australian Royal commission contain the names of men and women who have never given the slightest sign of betraying their country. Two members of the Australian Federal Parliament were listed simply because Soviet secret agents thought they might give away something without realizing it. The files of many American politicians almost certainly record the

fact that they may be unwitting sources of information.

The thirst of the Russians for names, addresses, and details is shown by a recent incident in London. Certain British army and air-force officers received invitations to a cocktail party given by the Soviet military attaché. Checking on how many were coming to the party, an embassy official politely telephoned the secret telephone numbers of the General Staff! The use of them to check invitations was an example of the extraordinary clumsiness of the Soviet secret service on occasions.

The Index, for obvious reasons, takes special note of refugees and emigrants. Capt. Nicolai Khokhlov of the MVD has stated that the Index division had compiled complete lists of all "White Russians" abroad, and that their movements are carefully watched.

There is no doubt that the attempts to infiltrate anti-communist organizations of emigrants is aimed at keeping the Index informed, with always the possibility that something may be turned up for use in blackmailing. The Index also explains how Soviet agents have been able to appear out of the

blue at the doors of refugees, many of whom had changed their names and had lost all contact with their former homelands and compatriots. These persons might never have been found, if their data had not been included in the Moscow files.

According to communist doctrine, all countries will eventually have a revolution which, naturally, will be under the protection of Moscow. It is necessary, therefore, for the Index to have complete information about the persons who would have to be dealt with in any country. If a "revolutionary situation" appeared in Britain or the U.S. tomorrow, Soviet officials would be able to walk in with lists of key people, not merely well-known politicians, but everyone able to influence opinion or action.

The NKVD men who accompanied the Red army invading Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania in 1940, brought with them lists, based on the Moscow Index, containing the names, addresses, and even possible hideouts of thousands of persons to be arrested. Officials of the three republics who escaped said that the Index had supplied astonishingly complete data.



### *Waste Line*

A grouchy husband, ranting about the household expenses, demanded to know why the grocery bill was so high. Replied his wife, tartly, "Go upstairs and stand sidewise in front of the mirror."

*Bindery Talk* (May-June '55).

*Juvenile delinquency doesn't get  
a start in the Scully Circus*



## I Spank

By FRANK SCULLY  
Condensed from *Variety*\*

I HAVE NEVER written on juvenile delinquency before. But I do have kids of my own. I'm tough on growing kids.

I make it clear to our kids that in this life we really own nothing, since we can't take it with us. At best we are trustees of something and must guard and respect it, not violate nor destroy it. Merely because we want something isn't sufficient reason for taking it.

I make it clear to them that I'm the boss, that if God wanted them to ride herd on me He would have put them into the world a generation ahead of me. Then I would have had to obey them. But since He made other arrangements, there is nothing for me to do but to teach them the Way, as St. Paul called it.

The other day I pointed out to them how important temperance is in all things. Even in the animal kingdom. We had a cat on the ranch at Desert Springs, a water hole about 80 miles from Hollywood. His name was Rover. He really roamed. But he was a good cat for quite a while. He came home to chase mice out of bureau drawers and lizards out of typewriters. He made the life of scorpions, rattlers, and centipedes miserable. They all left the place in a huff.

Then he started after rabbits. He could catch the young cottontails. He found them better eating than mice. Then he got fat. Then he got lazy. Then one day a coyote got him. No more ratter. No more Rover.

The moral of this, I pointed out to the junior members of the Scully Circus, should have been pretty obvious even to them. If that cat had shown a little restraint in his eating, if he had not made a hog of himself, if he hadn't coveted everything he saw, he would not have got too fat and could have outrun a hungry coyote. But he went the way of all potbellies, and paid the price with his life.

Do tales like this impress children? Does the moral teach them not to covet their neighbor's goods, swipe his automobile, steal his liquor? If it does, then we are making progress against juvenile delinquency in the only place progress

can ever be made—in the home.

To expect schools, films, TV shows, draft boards, or sandlot sociologists to do it is to expect reform from a hypo needle.

The parents who "give their children everything" and can't understand how they go wrong, nevertheless, are our real enemies. They drive the rest of us into competition with their brats in a downward spiral. And, meanwhile, the graph of juvenile delinquency keeps going up and up.

People who give their children "everything" rarely give them a good example, and they rarely spank them for misdeeds. In fact, most of them don't believe in spanking. I not only believe in corporal punishment. I dole it out.

I have poured more brilliant advice on our kids than ever appeared in any books on child training. And when I reach the end of a particularly inspired speech and I see I am being viewed deadpan, I let the culprit have it.

Now, it may be argued that such a display of temper hardly becomes a man who has been making a pitch for temperance. All I can say in defense is that I am only human, and when I know I am talking with the gift of tongues, and all my kids do is to act as if I were indulging in a lot of yak-yak-yak, I go for a slipper.

I used to use my hand, but that hurts too much. I mean that it hurts my hand too much. A slipper really gets below the surface. And I don't quit with the first cry for mercy. That, too, has to come from below the surface. This, I realize, puts me down as a brute not fit to raise children, but everybody who doesn't know the real facts of our private life thinks our children are charming, well-mannered, restrained, and amazingly intelligent. If what we have done has suppressed their personalities, I hate to think how "free" they'd be by now without that repression.

It isn't as if I didn't know what I was doing. I once talked back to my mother the way kids talk back to theirs all the time these days. I did it only once, however. I was 17 at the time, and a big, hulking high-school athlete.

My mother couldn't believe her ears. She started after me with a slipper. I got outdoors just in time. She didn't follow me there because it was snowing.

Baby, it was cold outside. I shiver to this day when I think of it.

Let's see to it that crime prevention begins in the high chair  
—not the electric chair.

J. M. Vosburgh, O.S.M. in  
*Novena Notes* (24 June '55).

A smile is something that adds to your face value. *The Green Light* (Feb. '55).

# *The U.S. Soldiers Who Chose Communism*

*Case studies reveal how the Chinese  
Reds twisted their minds*

By VIRGINIA PASLEY

Condensed from "21 Stayed"\*

*In January, 1954, 21 American soldiers who had been prisoners of the Chinese Reds in Korea chose to live the rest of their lives behind the Bamboo Curtain. (Recently, several of them have decided that they don't want to remain among the Reds, after all.) Like most people, Virginia Pasley wondered why any American GI would turn his back on his country. To make case studies of the turncoats, she traveled 15,000 miles in 23 states, talking to their families, neighbors, employers, and teachers, as well as to former prisoners of war who had returned to the U.S. Here are her answers to two questions: "Why did they do it?" and "How can we make sure that it won't happen again?"*

THE STORY OF how Chinese Reds subjugated 21 American prisoners of war to the point where they refused to come home is a tale of horror without relief. It shows the victims writing their

own death warrants and supplying weapons for their own destruction.

The life stories of the 21 are stories of broken homes, poverty, serious emotional problems, and scanty education. No one reading their unhappy stories could fail to see how vulnerable they were. They were pitifully ill-equipped to withstand the psychological warfare the Reds waged against them.

We cannot breathe a sigh of satisfaction that, after all, there were only 21. There could have been more. There were more who volunteered. At least 400 became "progressives," collaborating with the Chinese to the extent of taking an active part in their propaganda campaign, attempting to win others over, and even informing on their fellow prisoners.

The communists did not decide to exploit captives until 40 days before the armistice. The communists wanted them to parry the effect of the 23,000 prisoners of war

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from Red armies who refused to return home.

That meant they could only develop a token force to keep back. They had to pick those whom their methods would soften up most quickly.

As far as possible, the communists chose the 21 from what they termed the peasant and the beggar class. They selected poor marginal-farm dwellers and town-bred relief clients. Only a few with qualities of leadership were needed. For leaders, they found a proud New Englander with a high IQ who had never recovered from the beatings of his childhood; a Negro athletic champion with an unhappy history; and a Minnesota boy whose innately bright mind had never found a channel.

Then they sat all their victims down and told them to write the stories of their lives. And did not tell them why. They wrote a page, maybe a page and a half. "Do it over again," they were told. "Write more, and over again, and more," until they had written perhaps 50 pages.

They were not told that everything they said would be used against them. And in those pages they revealed themselves. They could not help it. No matter how masked with words, they stood revealed: their hates and loves, shames and misplaced hopes, dreams and weaknesses.

To be a prisoner means to lead

one's life in public. Now, with the communists' knowledge of their inner thoughts and feelings, they were stripped of all privacy. The communists had the clues to each man's personality and the means to eliminate his individuality. They could repress or encourage the elements they wished.

They reconstructed a man's life story and evaluated it in their own terms. They made him see it as they saw it, in a calculated inversion of the technique a psychiatrist uses to help a patient gain greater insight and understanding of his past.

They could probe old wounds and make them swell up again. To those who showed that they felt rejected they would give sympathy and attention. "You see that we don't reject you. It's the system, American imperialism, not you, that is wrong."

They might bring up past incidents to make a prisoner squirm. Then they would convince him that it would be embarrassing, perhaps even dangerous, for him to go home.

The same technique was used in connection with incidents that happened at camp, specifically the signatures they had managed to corral from almost everyone on peace petitions. They would bring a candidate in and show him the "fine print" he hadn't bothered to read when he signed it. They might even show him a completely dif-

ferent document, with his signature clipped and pasted on.

"Of course, you can't go home after signing this," they would point out, ever so gently. It was even easier with those they had led into informing on their mates.

This was only the beginning. To get them to agree not to go home was one thing; but they must not waver in that decision.

To accomplish this, the Chinese brought into play new techniques. These consisted of group and self-criticism. In the ways in which they were used on American prisoners of war, they are a peculiarly Chinese contribution to communist methods.

The chosen soldiers were brought together as a group. They studied, played, worked, ate, slept together—under control. Every day they had a session of "group criticism." "What was Jim doing at three o'clock this morning, talking to outsider John Doe?" someone would ask. Jim had just been exchanging pleasantries with the outsider, but he had to explain himself.

Next time he had such an encounter he would tell on himself first, for fear someone else had seen him. The sense of having eyes on him at all times became complete. He did not even dare think outside the pattern, for fear it might show.

This technique was refined to an even further degree when the group got to the compound at

Panmunjon. No letter nor message came into or went out of the compound that wasn't read aloud to the whole group.

No decision was made by any man on his own. No man was allowed to talk to any outsider on his own. Letters written to relatives who came to Tokyo were group compositions.

The communists had selected the men on the basis of "reliability" rather than their adherence to communist precepts. Under the communist system you use the individual where you can—as a utility. He doesn't have to be a communist to be used. To be considered reliable, he has only to be placed in a niche and be willing to stay there.

From the communist point of view, the 21 are "expendable utilities," according to Joseph D. Lohman, Chicago university sociologist who acted as consultant to the UN Repatriation command in Korea.

"With all their shortcomings—these were plentiful, and were used by the communists in establishing their control—they were caught in the seamless web of communist intrigue, conspiracy, and group methods of control and indoctrination," Lohman says. But he thinks there is an answer for the future.

"Communism must be recognized for what it is, a diabolical power system. A major answer to the communist threat is to make clear

to those who may be exposed to its methods the nature of those methods and the way in which they are designed to break an individual through the destruction of his privacy and a system of collective coercion."

Certainly, American prisoners of war were not prepared sufficiently for the psychological strains they were to bear. The six hours of classes in psychological warfare and communism scheduled for every GI are obviously ineffective. Most prisoners of war do not recall ever hearing anything about communism in their army training.

Our soldiers were never given sufficient understanding of the reasons why they were fighting in Korea. They had no answers for the communist gibes.

Nor had their schools given them any rounded idea of what communism is or what it stands for. For the 21, as for most of the prisoners of war who did return, *communism* was a dirty word, a faceless menace. Because of their ignorance of the fact that communism is sometimes, if only verbally, "on the side of the angels," these 21, with their religious upbringing, were astounded to hear the Chinese express Biblical sentiments about the "brotherhood of man" and "peace on earth." This made it easy for the Chinese to convince many that the lies were on their own side rather than on the communist side.

It is particularly interesting that the Negroes, no better educated than their white comrades in arms, were much more sophisticated on the subject of communism. "A lot of our boys had been worked over by them back home," a Negro soldier explained.

The army's replacement system, together with its lack of emphasis on pride of outfit for the lowly infantryman, can take some share of the blame. Charles Loutitt of Monongahela, Pa., who won the Bronze Star for his heroism in prison camp, belonged to the 187th Regiment (Air-borne) and he was proud of it. He and nine others from his outfit formed a phalanx so solid against communist efforts to corrupt them that they had to be broken up and separated.

The problem presented by the personality weaknesses of the 21 prisoners the communists caught is more diverse. Educators in every section of the country have pointed out that the problems of the slow learner, the emotionally disturbed or withdrawn child, are widespread. These 21 are not unique cases but represent millions who grow up hurt and undereducated.

Few communities are equipped to cope with a problem which must be met on three levels: economic, educational, and psychological.

What about patriotism? Did the 21 lack a feeling of love and loyalty for their country? Their schools had taught them to salute

the flag and to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. It is true that most of them entered the army for other than patriotic reasons. Only three enlisted after the beginning of the Korean fighting. Only one enlisted with the express desire to fight for his country. Yet he was as easy a prey for the communists as any other of the 21.

Patriotism is not easy to pin down. But it seems clear that love of country must involve love of home and community. Few of the 21 had much reason to love their homes or communities. Few had ever had stable homes or anything stable in their lives to which they could hold.

There remains the ultimate problem. Every human being has his breaking point, no matter how well he is prepared for psychological resistance. Starvation and torture can so corrupt the mind and the will to resist that no one, however strong, physically, mentally, or emotionally to begin with, can be sure he will not break.

Some American fliers, for instance, signed germ-warfare confessions. They were all officers, men with high IQ's, superior education, special training, and responsibilities. Endless repetition, illness,

loneliness, and systematic degradation, said Marine Col. Frank A. Schwable, brought him to the point where he signed a long and ridiculously detailed confession. "They say black is white, you say it is not. But you wind up agreeing." Fellow officers who had not broken testified for him, saying he had undergone more than they had and they could not truly say they could have stood up under the treatment he had received.

We now order our soldiers to give only name, rank and serial number, if captured, and then to button up their mouths. The suggestion has come from several sources that, instead, we tell them to say anything and everything (without revealing military information) that their captors request; and that we announce this as a national policy so that nothing they "confess" can be used as a propaganda weapon.

This move would give our soldiers not merely a defensive but an offensive weapon against the devious, barbaric, and inhuman measures the communists do not hesitate to use. With it, we, too, could sow confusion. We would not merely stand and take it; we could hit back.



### *What Is Happiness?*

Happiness is a tear wiped away, a smile made to appear, a child to whom one has given life, an old man who has been consoled.

Maxence Van der Meerch, quoted in *Ave Maria* (June 18, '55).

# The Marvelous Music Machine

*Osmond Kendall has invented a way for you to bypass composer, instrument, and performer, and make music all by yourself*

By ALAN PHILLIPS

Condensed from *MacLean's Magazine*\*

AS A SMALL FELLOW struggling through his piano lessons, Osmond Kendall had a dream. He imagined melodies pouring magically from his fingers, bypassing the keyboard that took so much practice. Kendall never did learn to play the piano; he was too interested in electricity.

But because he learned his electricity so well, his dream came true. The music machine he has invented bypasses not only the piano but every musical instrument in existence.

Kendall became interested in *drawing* sound in 1950. The invention of talking pictures showed scientists what a sound wave looked like: a tiny squiggly pattern one tenth of an inch high on the edge of the film. They found they could make new sounds. But to draw one note they had to control the size, shape, and position of 400 to 1200 squiggles, so small they had to work through a microscope. This was impractical.



Kendall simplified the problem by studying only the general "shape" of music on the sound track. He spent hours in front of the oscilloscope, gazing fascinated at the vibrant shapes of the notes.

He recorded two piano notes, one forward, one backward. Then he asked a number of musicians to identify them. No one knew what the second note was. Yet it had the same pitch, the same harmonic structure, every nuance was the same, except that the note was building up instead of dying away. People didn't recognize the note, with all its intricate make-up, Kendall realized, but only the outline, the "shape." And that could be *drawn*!

It was the hundreds of little squiggles that actually made the sound, but the human ear and

\*481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. June 11, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the MacLean-Hunter Publishing Co., Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

mind didn't hear all these. It heard only their profile, their wavy outline. In one wavy line, Kendall found he could draw all that the mind enjoys in a musical note—pitch, timbre, and relative loudness. Armed with this knowledge, he invented his machine.

Kendall calls his machine the composer-tron. A working model of it was tested recently by the Toronto composer, Lou Applebaum.

Sitting in front of a desk-size control panel, Applebaum pushed a button, and an electric oscillator sounded a B flat. He turned a dial, and the colorless tone was enriched with the harmonics of a trumpet. He pressed a key, and the shimmering sound wave he had generated appeared on a seven-inch TV screen.

Applebaum studied it for a minute. Then, with a grease crayon, he drew a simple line on the glass screen, and watched as the part of the sound wave above his crayon mark disappeared. He was cutting away that part of the sound wave he didn't need, much as a sculptor cuts away from a crude block of clay.

An electric eye instantly scanned the new pattern, and recorded it. Applebaum played it back so he could hear the change he had made. He listened thoughtfully, then erased a bit of crayon mark with his thumb, and re-drew it. The resulting sound was just what

he wanted, and he pushed a button to record it permanently. Then he threw a switch and started shaping another note, using the trumpet tone qualities he had already built. Soon he was finished and ready to listen to the end product, a simple melody on magnetic tape.

The test was a success. Applebaum had composed, conducted, performed, and recorded his own music, all in one operation. He had neither racked his brains for a way to translate his musical idea to paper, waved his arms to interpret it, nor struggled with an imperfect instrument to play it. He had drawn it!

Eric Farmer, the head of research for Canadian Marconi, was looking for new research projects. His company paid for Kendall's patent rights in 16 countries, spent nearly \$60,000, and built the working model.

Once a composer learns to read and draw the shapes of musical notes as he now reads and draws notes on paper he can sit down at Kendall's machine and draw a zither solo or an eighty-piece symphony. He can conjure up a clarinet tone. He can wonder how a French-horn melody would sound if struck on a harp—and listen to it.

The composer today writes for instruments with physical limitations. A trombone can't move quickly up and down the scale. A clarinet can't trill some notes; the



fingering is simply too awkward.

The composer-tron has no such limitations. The composer can make a trombone skitter up the scale as nimbly as a trumpet. He can take a violin down to the range of a bass viol. He doesn't have to worry that a bass note will crack, that the treble will sound strained.

What's more, Kendall says, you don't have to be a musician to use the composer-tron. With a little practice—no more than it takes to master a do-it-yourself carpentry kit—any musical duffer could surprise his friends with an original

recording of a new jazz combo or celebrate his wife's birthday with a tone poem.

He thinks there are many people with emotions bottled up by an inability to express themselves musically. Their fingers may be too stiff to play a violin or piano. Their tongues may be too awkward to master a horn. He thinks a mass-produced home model could be aimed "at every music lover who can't play an instrument."

Kendall visualizes a home machine as common as a piano, and perhaps a little less expensive.



## • • In Our Parish • •

**In our parish** it was a hot June Sunday, and the church was packed. An altar boy fainted, and was carried out through the sacristy. Up front, a woman crumpled in her seat, and was lugged out by perspiring ushers. More people should take First Aid, I mused, fresh from a Red Cross course. If they'd just put their heads between their knees . . . .

Suddenly the gentleman next to me slumped to the floor, groping clumsily for the support of the kneeler. Quickly I stooped down.

"Put your head between your knees," I hissed. "You'll feel better if the blood can get to your head." Placing a firm hand on his balding head, I pushed him down—hard.

On the other side his wife, obviously a thoughtless woman, was convulsed with laughter. She was doing nothing to help him or me. I kept pushing the man's head down, he kept squirming.

Suddenly he got away from me, and shot straight up. "Lady," he snapped, "Will you be good enough to leave me alone? I'm just trying to pick up my hat!"

Lenore Amerman.

*[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]*

# Life on the Airlines

By CAPT. WILLIAM FLANAGAN

As told to James H. Winchester



I AM AN airline pilot. In 18 years I have flown nearly 15,000 hours. I have never had an accident in the air. Yet hardly a week passes that someone, finding out how I earn my living, doesn't remark, "My, isn't that dangerous!"

I've spent hours trying to convince them that it isn't. I cite statistics by the yard. Last year, scheduled U.S. airlines flew nearly 3 million passengers a month. An airliner was taking off or landing somewhere every  $5\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. Yet the fatality rate was so low that your chances of survival are more than three times better when you're flying on a scheduled airline than when you're driving your own car. In one recent year, ten times more people were killed riding bicycles than while traveling on the airlines.

This is an accurate report on the safety of air travel, not of one airline, but of all the scheduled domestic and foreign airlines licensed by the United States.

*Safety is the keyword with today's fliers; the trip to the airport is the dangerous part of the schedule*

Insurance companies, notably conservative, back up the statistics with cash. When you buy a policy before taking off on an air trip you get odds of 25,000 to 1, or \$6,250 to 25¢, that you will arrive safely at your destination.

The safety record in a typical year for Trans-World Airlines, the company for which I work, is another good example. It is equivalent to flying the entire population of Philadelphia all the way to Paris without a fatal accident.

But statistics are dull. You'd get a better idea of why it's so safe to fly if you came along with me on one of my regular nonstop New York to Los Angeles flights.

Ready? OK.

It's a Sunday. Out in Rockville Center, Long Island, where I live, I'm up early, even though my flight won't leave until 1 P.M. Eleanor,

my wife, and our three boys, William, 13, Paul, nine, and Michael, six, are waiting when I come downstairs shortly before 8 A.M. Breakfast. Then we're off to St. Agnes church, two miles away, for 8:45 Mass. Back home, into my uniform, then off to the airport, a 20-minute drive. I consider this the most dangerous part of my trip.

I'm a pretty typical airline pilot. Most of us are married, in our early 40's, have two or three children, own our own homes, and are otherwise indistinguishable from other typical suburbanites.

About the only difference is in our working hours. We're away from home a lot. That's bad. But we usually have two or three days off between trips, too. That's good.

The days when flyers were all "wild-blue-yonder" boys are gone forever. Experience has replaced youth. It's fairly common now for the sons and daughters of some of our pilots to be working for TWA, too, many of them as co-pilots or hostesses.

I was born in Brooklyn 44 years ago. After graduating from St. John's High school there, I attended Niagara university for two years, then switched to an engineering course at New York university. The depression came along. Then my father died. Money ran short, and I dropped out of school.

A lot of jobs followed: Wall St. runner; surveyor for a gas company; draftsman, and various other

jobs in the building business. Then, in 1936, I was accepted as an aviation cadet by the navy, and was graduated a year later from Pensacola. My first duty was with a dive-bomber squadron aboard the old USS *Yorktown*.

In 1940, now a married man, I left the navy to join TWA as a co-pilot. By the time the navy recalled me in mid-1942, I was a junior captain. Throughout the war, I flew for the Naval Air Transport service, gaining invaluable experience on multiengine aircraft. Returning to TWA in 1945, I was ready for the new postwar planes, such as the four-engine, 300-mile-an-hour Constellations, just then making their appearance.

You hear a lot about a pilot working only 85 hours a month. That's only time in the air. We spend an almost equal number of hours preparing for our flights. Our homework, keeping up with civil air regulations, company orders, new technological advances, would shame any college student.

Every six months we must pass a rigid Civil Aeronautics Authority physical examination as well as demonstrate our instrument-flying ability to a company check pilot. At least once a year we have to make a trip with a check pilot over the routes we fly, a safety measure to insure our knowing everything there is to know about the aircraft we are

flying, navigational aids, obstructions, and the airports along the way.

At New York International airport, better known as Idlewild, my crew is waiting: 1st Officer Reggie Plumridge, Engineer George Elmiger, Hostesses Yvonne Jones and Muriel Heinlein. It's over an hour before we're scheduled to leave, but there is plenty for us to do.

We don't have any particular worries about the plane itself, a four-engined, 350-mile-an-hour Super-G Constellation, the latest and most luxurious airliner, capable of spanning the continent or the ocean without a stop. Experts keep a steady eye on this \$2 million giant. Engines and controls, hydraulic and electrical systems, radio and propellers are checked every time she puts her wheels down to earth.

After every 900 hours of flying time each engine is removed and completely rebuilt. After every 2500 hours, the plane itself is stripped down and practically rebuilt. An airliner is never allowed to grow old. A part doesn't have to show wear. It's automatically replaced after a certain number of hours.

As a passenger, you see only the luxurious appointments in the cabin, the pretty smiles of the hostesses. But tucked away are hundreds of safety devices. Take radios, for example. We have six of them on board. Two are used for communi-

cating with ground stations and aircraft; the other four are primarily for navigation. If something goes wrong with one we always have another one we can switch on.

On the Super-G Constellations we have two radar sets, as well. One probes ahead 150 miles, to determine turbulence in thunderheads. If they're too rough, we skirt around them.

The other is a terrain-warning indicator. Its electronic eye sweeps a 2,000-foot circle around and below the plane. If there's anything there, a mountain or another plane, a light flashes and a warning bell starts ringing.

If we should have a fire aboard, two separate warning systems ring a bell or light one of a dozen red lights, pinpointing the suspicious area. Without moving from his seat, the flight engineer can pull a knob to pour a potent extinguishing fluid into the danger area under 600 pounds of pressure. If smoke should start seeping into the cockpit, I have an emergency smoke mask with a built-in microphone. I can keep flying and talking without taking my hands off the wheel.

With our radio direction-finding equipment we can take four bearings on four different stations at the same time, making it impossible for us to get lost.

Back in the cabin, for passenger use, are everything from first-aid

kits to portable oxygen bottles. Every item is checked before we take off.

My first job is to supervise the preparation of the flight plan. This is our road map of the air. Before take-off, we plan our course, fuel consumption, time between check points, and time of arrival. We can alter it en route, of course, to meet changing conditions, but most of the time we follow it exactly.

My 1st officer and I already have



a lot of information to help. Out in Kansas City, company meteorologists have figured out a minimum-time route, based largely on where we will find the most favorable weather and winds. The dispatcher, taking into consideration the passenger and cargo load, has worked out a minimum fuel load. He has allowed plenty of reserve, so that we can go on to an alternate landing site if Los Angeles should be closed in.

Nothing is left to chance. Every calculation, every figure, every possibility is checked and double-checked. The final decision on everything, of course, is mine. The captain of an airliner commands as absolutely as the captain of any ocean liner.

Today, the weather is clear. The winds are not too favorable, though. We'll be heading into them most of the way. Our route, 2,200 nautical miles from take-off to touchdown, will carry us at 18,000 feet most of the way to Pittsburgh, on to Dayton, Ohio, just to the south of Indianapolis, across the Mississippi at St. Louis, south of Kansas City, between Pueblo and Trinidad, Colo., over the northern rim of the Grand Canyon, directly over Las Vegas and Boulder Dam, then across the desert, over the towering mountains near San Bernardino, and down to the Los Angeles International airport at Inglewood. We figure we'll make it in eight hours and five minutes.

Our passengers are aboard. We're ready to start. I ask the control tower for permission to leave our position in front of the passenger terminal.

"Idlewild Ground Control. This is TWA Flight 95. Request taxi clearance. Instrument flight rules to Los Angeles."

At the end of the runway we run up engines. Already, we've

checked more than 45 cockpit items, made sure each is operating perfectly. Now, just before take-off, we make more than 20 more checks: pressures, temperatures, hydraulic systems, controls, switches. Everything's OK.

"Idlewild Tower. TWA 95 ready for take-off."

"TWA 95, you're cleared for take-off. Contact departure control when air-borne."

I push the throttles forward. At his control panel, immediately behind the co-pilot, the flight engineer synchronizes them. We start to roll. Slowly, then faster, faster, and faster. Each of our four engines is generating 3,250 horsepower. That's a lot of power.

Five thousand feet down the concrete, our air speed reaches 130 miles-an-hour. I pull back on the wheel. We leave the earth easily, smoothly. Fifty feet off the ground the engineer eases back on the power. No use straining the engines unnecessarily.

An airplane's engines get their hardest workout on the take-offs. The critical moments are immediately before and after the wheels leave the ground. Then the engines are called upon for their maximum horsepower. There's always something in reserve, though. On take-off, if one engine should stop, the plane could still continue to climb safely on the other three. At cruising altitude, if the odds should ever reach the point where two

engines went off at the same time, the fully-loaded plane could continue to fly safely on the other two.

Eight minutes after take-off, we're crossing the Hudson, the towering Manhattan spires behind us. In taking off from one of the world's busiest airports, with dozens of planes in the air all around us, we have followed an inflexible safety procedure.

Departure control at Idlewild, operated by CAA, the traffic cops of the airways, has had us on its radar from the moment we were air-borne. As we climb to our assigned altitude, they keep us informed by radio of all other traffic near us. From his window, the co-pilot keeps his eyes alert. Instruments are wonderful; we couldn't fly today's planes without them. But our eyes are still valuable, too.

A HALF HOUR after take-off, we've reached our cruising altitude at 18,000 feet. Down below us now are the hills, running like elevated furrows across the land, of the Pennsylvania coal-mining country. We cross the Susquehanna, a silvery streak far below. Ahead is Pittsburgh. Cars on the turnpike, three miles below us, look like a stream of ants.

I'm not doing any actual flying now. The automatic pilot keeps us steady on our course. But both my co-pilot and I watch the instruments constantly.

So does the flight engineer at his



panel. One of his biggest aids is a safety device known as the engine analyzer. This is an almost magical electronic instrument with which the flight engineer can spot faulty spark plugs, cylinders, valves, and fuel injectors many hours before they might show up on conventional instruments. Thus, a fault can be corrected long before it has a chance to become serious trouble. It cost TWA \$110,000 to install this little safety device on its planes. And it is only one of hundreds aboard any modern airliner.

The hours and the miles roll smoothly behind us. We're racing the sun toward the west.

All across the country, every 100 miles or so, is a CAA radio station. They have a copy of our flight plan. They know to the minute when we're due to talk to them. If we're five minutes late in reporting, they start calling us. If we're 20 minutes overdue, an emergency is declared.

**BELOW**, the sweeping panorama of the Midwest unfolds. This is the heart of America. Relaxing for a moment, letting the co-pilot keep his eye on the instruments, I lean back in my seat. This is one of the moments that make flying so fascinating.

I've heard it said that no man is an atheist deep down inside. If there is one anywhere, though, I am sure he's not an airline pilot. A man can't possibly see the things

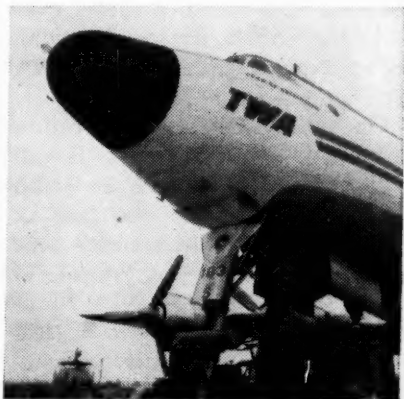
a pilot sees and not believe that there is a God.

From here, halfway between sky and earth, you have a grandstand seat on the beauty of the world: the rivers, mountains, plains, and little towns and cities clustered beside the highways and railroads which lace everything together.

Flying between towering cumulus clouds, I always have the feeling that I am traveling down an endless valley whose sides are pure white marble. Always I ask myself, "How can such things be without the existence of some Being infinitely more powerful than man?"

In mid-afternoon, half our flight behind us, I get up, stretch my legs, put on my uniform coat and cap, and go back into the cabin to meet the customers.

This trip back into the cabin is just as much a part of a pilot's responsibility as his pre-flight check



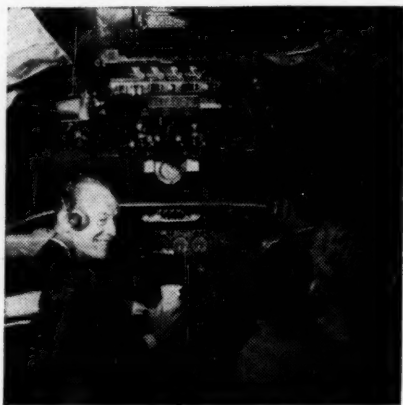
of the plane. Psychologists would call it the "air of confidence."

A pilot in uniform walking casually back through the cabin gives the passengers reassurance that all is well. The captain's confidence that everything is all right is reflected in his casual attitude, the impression he gives that "I know where I am. I know what I am doing. I know what is up ahead. I have things under control. Relax, and let me be concerned with the flight."

Our hostesses play a parallel role, according to the official instructions of one airline. Whenever a sudden bumpiness, loud noise, or any other unusual incident occurs, the hostess is required to pick up a magazine or pillow and walk the length of the cabin in a relaxed manner. No word is spoken. But the effect on any mounting anxieties is obvious. The people relax. Everything is all right.

Back in the cockpit, I learn that there's a little weather ahead, over Colorado. Since leaving Idlewild, we've received special hourly CAA weather reports.

On my chart, I plot a course around the thunderstorms. It will take us through smooth air south of Trinidad. It will also take us across the top of the security zone which surrounds the maze of atomic installations in New Mexico. Anything that flies into or near this area has to be positively identified. I call the CAA, asking for



permission to change our route. They tell us it's OK. They also notify the Air Defense command. Air Force radar controllers are already tracking us on their screens. If the CAA hadn't called to tell them who we were, they'd have sent up jet fighters, fully armed, to make sure that we were friendly. This, too, is safety, safety for the nation against a sneak enemy air attack.

The northern rim of the Grand Canyon comes into view, majestic, awe-inspiring in its rugged beauty, then slips behind. Lake Meade, glittering blue in the late afternoon sunlight, can be seen off to the right as we pass Las Vegas.

LOS ANGELES is less than two hours away, now. There's more traffic in the air, funneling into Los Angeles from a dozen different air routes. The CAA radar traffic stations keep us sorted out.

TWA meteorologists in Los Angeles radio us the weather. The ceiling is only 400 feet, visibility is one mile. We'll have to make an instrument approach.

Over Daggett, Calif., we get clearance to descend to 14,000 feet. It's an inviolable rule of the air that all westbound flights fly at even altitudes. Eastbound flights are assigned to the odd altitudes. There is always 1,000 feet of clearance between any two crossing paths.

A pilot bringing his plane down through soupy weather is guided by two separate systems. A gauge on the instrument panel is receiving radio impulses from transmitters at the airport. It shows me whether I am to right or left of, above or below, the proper approach path. This is the Instrument Landing system.

A double check is provided by GCA, the Ground Control Approach system. In this system, the plane's position is followed by radar scopes on the ground. Operators on the ground talk to the pilot on the same frequency as the one used for ILS. They give him the same information. If the two systems don't agree, it's time to break off the approach, climb to a safe altitude, and find out what is wrong.

Still scores of miles away from the airport, I'm given a compass heading in the direction of the runway I am to use for landing, and also a radio check point, 15

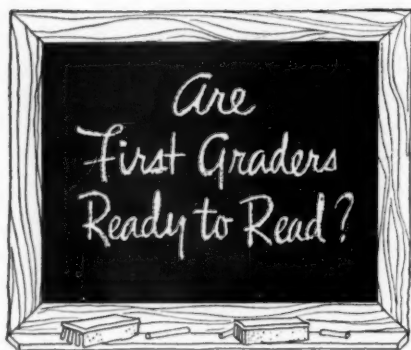
miles away from the field, which I am to pass over at 1,500 feet. From this distance I start dropping down, keeping the needle on my instrument panel centered on the glide path, receiving corroborative advice from the CAA radar operator, until I break out of the smog just below 500 feet. Directly ahead is the airport.

The airport tower gives us clearance to land. We lower our gear and our wing flaps a mile from the end of the runway. Our speed slows sharply. It's down to 150 miles an hour. Back in the cabin the "Fasten Seat Belts" and "No Smoking" signs are flashed on.

We're doing 130 miles an hour as we cross the edge of the field. "Over the fence" we call it.

Gently I pull back on the wheel. The nose comes up. The wheels hit the concrete. Our speed is 110 miles an hour. We're rolling. The nose wheel settles down. Now I put the props in reverse pitch. This causes them to blow the air in the opposite direction and act as a brake.

The tower gives us our gate. Slowly we taxi toward it. Back in the cabin, the passengers gather up their belongings. Another cross-country, nonstop flight has been completed. Time from take-off to landing was eight hours and five minutes. Lunch in New York, dinner in Los Angeles: headline news a dozen years ago, routine today.



*Dr. Flesch says it depends on whether the teacher is ready to let them*

By RUDOLF FLESCH

Condensed from "Why Johnny Can't Read"

Many parents are bewildered and distressed because their normally intelligent youngsters can't read well enough even to do their schoolwork properly.

Dr. Flesch says the reason is that most American teachers no longer start six-year-olds on phonics, the traditional method by which children learn to associate letters of the alphabet with specific sounds. Instead, during the last 25 years, the teaching of reading has begun with word recognition, whereby children learn to know certain basic whole words on sight. Dr. Flesch would shift the emphasis back to phonics, starting in the 1st grade, or earlier.

Austrian-born Dr. Flesch is the author of *The Art of Plain Talk*,

*The Art of Readable Writing*, *The Art of Clear Thinking*, and other books, and was consultant on readability to the Associated Press. Here he examines the problem of learning to read, in what has proved one of the year's most controversial books.

IF YOU HAVE a child in the 2nd or 3rd grade who can't read and spell, you'll sooner or later go to the school and complain that your child isn't taught the letters and sounds. You'll probably be told that phonics is utterly out of date; just wait, and your boy or girl will suddenly catch on.

But if your child is in 1st grade, the answer you get may well be the old brushoff. Quite likely, the teacher will tell you, with a rather indulgent smile, "He isn't ready, you know."

When you get to the subject of "reading readiness," you approach the inner sanctum of the whole "science" of reading. In each of the fat books on how to teach reading, pages and pages are filled with discussions of what makes a child ready for reading.

One of the "authorities" goes so far as to devote a whole book to the subject of "reading readiness." I read all of that book looking for a definition of "readiness"; I was sincerely curious to know what was meant by the word. But there was no definition to be found. Since the

experts don't seem able to help us, I'll offer my own definition. "Reading readiness" means the readiness of the teacher to let the child start reading.

If ever there was an example of reasoning in a vicious circle, this is it. You take a six-year-old child and start to teach him something. The child, as often happens, doesn't take to it at once. If you take a common-sense approach, you try again and again, use a little patience, and after some time the child begins to learn. But if you are a 20th-century American educator, equipped with the theory of "readiness," you drop the whole matter and wait until the child, on his own, *asks* to be taught. Let's wait until he's seven, until he's eight, until he's nine. We've all the time in the world, say the educators; it would be a crime to teach a child who isn't "ready."

Now, this does make some sense. Learning is most effective when there is strong motivation. If you are willing to wait five or ten years until a child is eager to read, then the teaching of reading might offer no problem.

But our educators would hardly say out loud that they would postpone the teaching of reading until a child is ten or 15. They know very well that people wouldn't stand for it. So, as the next best thing, they postpone the teaching of reading one, two, or three years in the hope that by that time the

child will be eager to learn how to read. They back this up by the theory that a six or seven-year-old child is *unable* to learn how to read.

The idea that a six-year-old child can't learn to read is quite new, and a purely American invention. To be quite fair, I should explain that our educators don't actually say that. They say—unanimously, as far as I can see—that a 1st grader is able to grapple with some 300 or 400 sight words and can memorize those in the course of one year. Then, at the "mental age of seven," that is, in 2nd grade, he will develop "phonic readiness": he will be able to start learning a little something about letters and sounds. Phonics—*any* kind of phonics—before 2nd grade is too hard for a child, the educators say: they consider it an established fact that six-year-olds cannot learn phonics.

The truth is, of course, that any normal six-year-old *loves* to learn letters and sounds. He is fascinated by them. They are the greatest thing he's come up against in his life. He loves making noises; he loves taking things apart and seeing what they are made of. So phonics can be a wonderful new game where you take words apart to learn what they are made of. And you learn how to make signs on paper that stand for certain sounds and noises.

The child thinks this is the greatest invention ever made. (He's

right in that.) He plays with this new toy constantly. There are endless combinations of these sound signs, and they make words, words that he knows and can recognize. He reads street signs; he writes words on every surface he can find; he works out sentences in the newspaper—finally he reads a book. Motivation? A normal child is ready and eager to learn to read because it is mankind's most fascinating game.

But then, you will say, why don't our 1st graders get on with their reading? Why is it that they take years before they "discover" books, if they ever do it at all? My answer to this is again the difference between phonics and the word method. Start a child with letters and sounds, make him understand the basic principle underlying all alphabetic writing and reading, and pretty soon he will be on his way, having discovered that reading is fun. But make a child spend a year, two years, three years on the senseless, stultifying business of staring at a collection of letters and memorizing that it means "chicken" or "funny" or "walked," and he'll never develop the slightest interest in reading.

Why should he? The fun in reading lies in the great game of deciphering a hidden meaning—just as the fun in writing lies basically in the game of encoding a message. With our system, it is many years before the child even

realizes that this is what the game is about.

The basic reason for the failure of the word method is that it treats a child as if he were a small-size adult. So the child is forced, by hook or crook, to grasp words as wholes as if he were an experienced grown-up reader: to read silently without moving his lips, to act as if it were silly to play with words and letters and sounds. To an adult, the ABC's are something childish; and the child is taught to refrain from such childish habits and to concentrate on reading as "thought-getting." He is praised and rewarded if, after weeks and months, he has learned to say "dog" while looking at the letters *d-o-g*. He is never once given the opportunity to look at a brand-new word like, say, *fib*, to slowly decipher it by sounding it out, and then to repeat happily, with a tremendous sense of achievement: "Fib, fib, fib! It means fib! It means fib!"

Six-year-olds can do that. They are doing it, today, at the very moment that you are reading these words, in Germany, France, Norway, Spain, South America—all over the civilized world. The problem of "reading readiness" or "phonic readiness" has never for a moment troubled any of the people of those countries. They decided, long ago, that to educate their children they had to start them on the three R's at six. So, all over the world, reading starts at the age of



six, except in Great Britain, where it starts at five.

Why do the English start their children a year earlier than is customary on the Continent? I have never seen an explanation anywhere, but I think the answer must lie in the wretched system of English spelling. Most European languages are reasonably phonetic in their spelling, but English is saddled with 13% irregularly spelled words.

So, since English spelling adds a year to the job of learning how to read and write, English children have to start when they are five.

In the U.S. the picture is entirely different. Generally speaking, students in our schools are about two years behind students of the same age in other countries. This is not a wild indictment of the American educational system; it is an established fact.

I know of many cases of young Austrians and Germans who applied for admission to college or university in this country. The standard practice is to give those students credit for two years of college if they have finished what corresponds to our high school.

What accounts for the two years' difference? Most of us assume that in other countries children are forced to study harder. Now that I

have looked into this matter of reading, I think the explanation is much simpler and more reasonable: Americans take two years longer to learn how to read, and reading, of course, is the basis for achievement in all other subjects. One of those two lost years is the year they lose by starting at six instead of starting, like the English, at five. The other is the year lost through using the word method instead of phonics.

English spelling takes about a year longer to learn than the spelling of most other languages. The British recapture that lost year by starting to learn a year earlier. But the American attitude is entirely different.

"If English spelling makes it hard to learn how to read, let's do the job some other way. Let's invent a new gadget by which we can teach reading without teaching the letters at all," many teachers say.

And so, what takes one year in the rest of the world and two years in England takes at least three years here.

It's a typically American attitude that we can afford this tremendous waste of our resources. We treat those two years in the lives of our children as we treat our soil, timber, oil. Perhaps we can afford it. But at least we should realize what we are doing.



A fanatic is one who can't change his mind and won't change the subject.  
Winston Churchill.



At night, Vietnamese slip away aboard flimsy bamboo rafts, and row to transports at anchor off the coast of communist-held North Vietnam. When Vietminh soldiers seize their children, the refugees turn back. Others drown on overloaded rafts. Those who make it to the ship win freedom in South Vietnam.

# Flight to Freedom

**B**OATMAN DO VAN LY, with his wife and six children, had the courage to remain on the coast of communist North Vietnam to help refugees escape aboard his sampan.

The Geneva agreement had forced American, French, and British ships to stand offshore just beyond the three-mile territorial limit while thousands of Vietnamese struggled desperately to bridge that three-mile gap between slavery and freedom. When he finally abandoned his home and escaped to South Vietnam, Do Van Ly told authorities why more refugees had not escaped from communist persecution.

"To stop our mass exodus," he said, "the Vietminh authorities commandeered all craft, oars, and sails, and destroyed all rafts. They clamped down a round-the-clock military watch over the whole sea-coast. They crisscrossed the beaches with barbed-wire entanglements

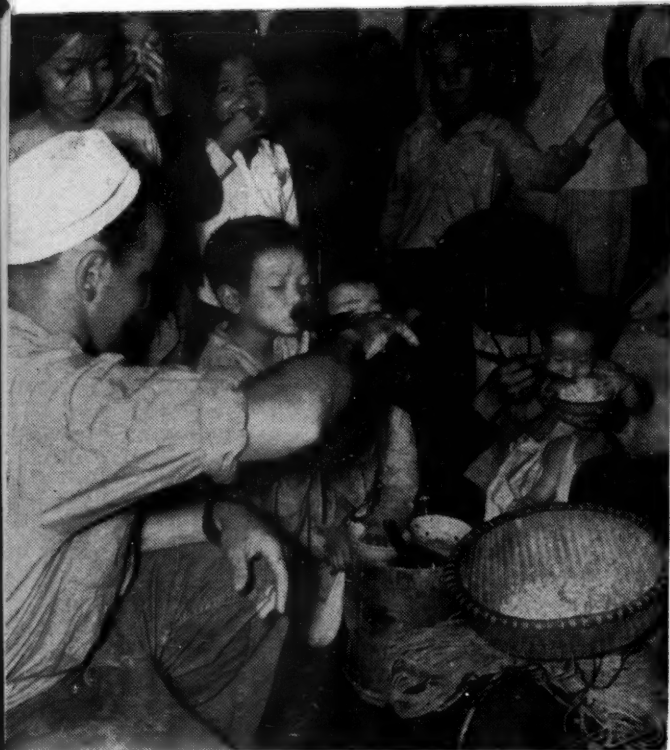


**To avoid religious persecution, 750,000 people have fled from North Vietnam.**

and extensive mine fields to deny us access.

"I nailed 14 bamboos together, turned out three makeshift oars, and my wife sewed together some shirts for sails. With 14 other Catholics, we succeeded in slipping out one dark night aboard that flimsy raft.

"Given chase by a motor-junk, we crowded our sails and rowed with the energy of despair toward the lights of a big ship, praying aloud all the while. But the raft began to sink under our weight. We were standing chest-deep in water, holding our children aloft to save them from drowning, when the Reds captured us.



Mealtime aboard the USS Menard enroute to South Vietnam. A crew member lends a hand.

They leave behind their homes, their land, and their wealth, to keep a lasting treasure — faith.



"I was beaten into unconsciousness with gun butts and thrown overboard. Somebody dived, and rescued me, but thousands of our brethren drowned at sea under similar circumstances, or were blown to pieces by land mines while trying to escape."

Article 14 of the Geneva settlement provides that authorities must assist persons who wish to emigrate to a zone held by the other party.

It did not take long for the residents of North Vietnam to evaluate the prospects for freedom under communist rule. Thousands upon thousands applied for permission to leave the area. From a propaganda as well as a practical standpoint, this mass rejection of the "workers' paradise" in favor of the "capitalist hell" in South Vietnam alarmed the Reds. So they began obstructing the departure of persons from North Vietnam.

At first, they used such red tape as a certificate of tax and debt payment. Soon they demanded an additional certificate of "good citizenship," which the communist village boss could issue or not, as he wished. The persecuted Catholics then formed large groups and attempted to march through Red obstruction points. At crossings on the Red river, the communists commandeered the ferries, so that no one could get across. After a refugee party had exhausted its food supply waiting for a chance to cross the river, the group had to turn back for food.



**The carefree laughter of children breaks the gloom aboard the ships. The tots are unaware of the terrible slavery they have escaped, and of the uncertain future.**

Estimates of the number of persons who have been prevented from escaping to South Vietnam range from half a million to 4 million.

As the Reds have used increasingly brutal methods of forcing North Vietnam residents to remain under their control, the flood of refugees reaching freedom in South Vietnam has dwindled to a trickle.

The general election in July, 1956, will determine whether the Red sickle succeeds in cutting off all Vietnam from the free world.



The last load, 4,000 refugees, leaves the USS General Howze. The transport took 50,899 Vietnamese to freedom in South Vietnam.



Courage such as this makes saints of men.



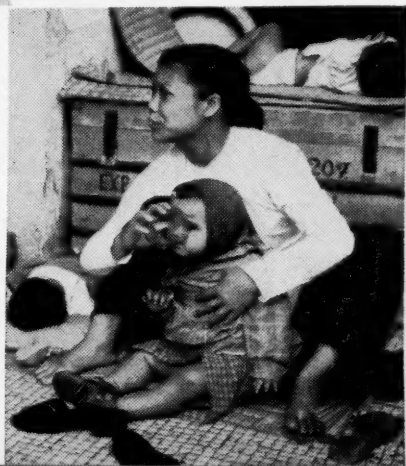


Photography by  
French Information Bureau  
and Mission Bulletin,  
King's Building, Hong Kong.



Suffering.

Anxiety and loneliness  
haunt this mother of three  
as she waits for a ride to a  
refugee camp in South Viet-  
nam.





Orphaned and displaced by the war, these little men fight the battle for survival on the streets of Saigon.



Every camp has its improvised school in "paillotte" style (frame shack with thatched roof). These tots have already learned what communism is.





In thanksgiving for their freedom, the boys sing at an evening field Mass in the refugee camp.

Premier Ngo Dinh Diem, Vietnam's leader in this dangerous hour, kneels with the refugees at Mass.





*An ancient custom is returning to favor*

## Mass 'Facing the People'

By CLIFFORD HOWELL, S.J.

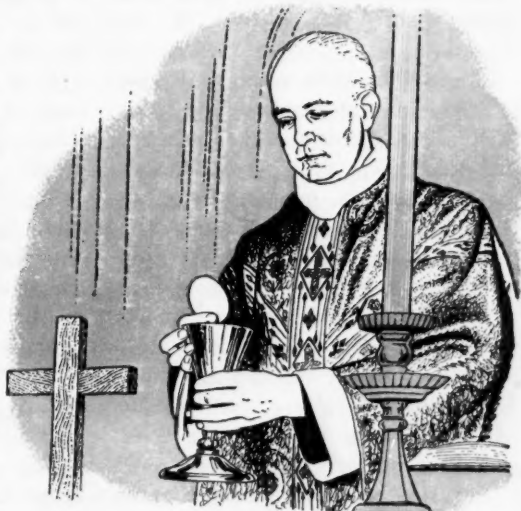
Condensed from the *London Catholic Herald*\*

**T**HOSE WHO argue that the priest should face the people across the altar for the celebration of Mass are not doing so just because Mass used to be said that way. Their reasons are chiefly that Mass said "facing the people" expresses the unity of the faithful, makes the leadership of the priest more apparent, holds the attention of the people, and has great teaching value.

Whatever we do know of primitive liturgy confirms the belief that Mass was said that way in the first three Christian centuries. But it must be admitted that we know very little. At Masses celebrated in the catacombs themselves, the celebrant must have had the congregation behind him, because the relics over which he offered the Mass were in niches hollowed out from the walls. But catacomb Masses, contrary to popular belief, were not at all common. In Italy, there were always martyrs' tombs over which altars could be

built; that the tombs might be accessible to the people, the priest always said Mass from the far side, that is, facing the people.

Another factor was the position of the bishop's throne, which was placed in the apse, in the far end of the church. When the bishop advanced to the altar for Mass, he went to the side nearer to himself, and thus faced the congregation. These customs spread from Rome all over the Western Church and were normal for centuries.



\*67 Fleet St., London, E.C. 4, England. Jan. 28, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Catholic Herald, Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

Private Mass, in the sense of a Mass by priest and server alone, was quite unknown in ancient days. The rule was to celebrate the solemn liturgy as a public expression of the united worship of all the faithful. Occasionally, however, Mass was celebrated for small groups, such as the mourners at a graveside.

About the 8th century, the custom grew of burying people under the floors of churches, and thus Masses for small groups came to be celebrated in the church. But they could not be at the high altar, for there was a rule that no altar could be used twice in one day. So for such groups, a temporary altar would be set up near the tomb, and the priest celebrated Mass facing the family over the altar, which was afterwards removed.

Gradually, Masses came to be offered for the dead away from their place of burial. Churches began to need several permanent altars to satisfy the growing demand.

At first, these were built in the middle of the nave or in the side aisles, so that the priest could face a small group over them. For example, the plans of a church built at St. Gall in the 9th century show 11 additional altars for private Masses. Three were in the nave and four in each side aisle.

But this was such an intrusion on the space needed for public Masses that the altars were later

pushed against pillars or side walls, and the priest had to celebrate with his back to the people. Later still, the walls of abbeys, cathedrals, and collegiate churches were pierced, and small chapels were built onto the main church to accommodate the altars, so that they would not intrude on the public space.

Thus it came about that nearly all priests celebrated most of their Masses with people behind them; and they began to do the same at high altars.

Finally, the Blessed Sacrament, reserved formerly in ambries, towers, hanging doves or pyxes, was brought down and kept in a tabernacle in the middle of the altar. The tabernacle now was in the way of people watching the rite across the altar. They simply moved around to see better.

Thus the back-to-the-people position gradually ousted the facing-the-people position. But the latter practice never quite died out, and in modern times is coming back into favor. Many war-damaged churches in Germany are being reconstructed and many new churches throughout Europe have high altars built so that Mass can be celebrated from either side. Masses "facing the people" are growing ever more frequent.

Has any priest the right to celebrate facing the people whenever he thinks fit? Most certainly not. It is the bishop who is the primary



celebrant at every altar in his diocese, and to him alone it belongs to decide which way Mass is to be celebrated.

But as Mass facing the people is provided for in the rubrics, he himself may celebrate facing the people, or give permission to his priests to do it whenever he judges it advisable. More and more bishops nowadays are approving and even encouraging the practice. For they see its pastoral value.

The general opinion of liturgists is that to celebrate facing the people is not desirable as a general practice, but that it is strongly to be recommended for congregations who have been prepared for it by liturgical instruction.

In many parishes, especially in France and Germany, the people are now fully accustomed to dialogue Mass, prayer-hymn Mass, or high Mass with full active participation, and are thus **fitted** for Mass facing the people every Sunday.

Equally prepared are those who attend liturgical congresses, or conventions of youth groups and sodalities. Mass facing the people forms a grand climax to liturgical weeks

even in parishes, or to a series of Mass instructions given to children. It enables the children to see with their own eyes all the things which they have been told about, and drives the lesson home far more vividly than mere description. Their attention is riveted on the priest from beginning to end.

But it is very important that the congregation at such a Mass should previously have been trained to full active participation, and that everything be staged with extreme care.

The disposition of the altar and grouping of the faithful must be well planned. The celebrant must be one who is intent on leading the people to participate actively in the communal sacrifice. There must be no suggestion of haste; the priest's words must be loud, slow, and distinct; his gestures dignified and filled with reverence; his whole manner must be truly "hieratic."

If all these conditions are fulfilled, then the celebration facing the people makes a tremendous impression, draws the people into close union with the action, instructs them, and stimulates their devotion as nothing else can.



### *No Fun Here*

A FRIEND of Judge Charles F. Murphy of New York, the comic book czar, asked him why he had been looking so serious lately.

"You'd look serious, too," retorted Judge Murphy, "if you had to spend all day reading comic books."

NCWC.

*U.S. army helps the Maryknoll nuns with their  
work of charity in Korea*

## Hospital on the Pusan Hills

By SISTER MARIA DEL REY, M.M.

Condensed from *Hospital Progress*\*



**H**IGH ON THE hills of Pusan a new 160-bed hospital is rising. It is being built, in part, by U.S. servicemen. It is the culmination of four years' extraordinary work by a medical team of Maryknoll Sisters.

A U.S. army plane brought in three Maryknoll Sisters on March 19, 1951. They were the first civilian women permitted to land in Korea since hostilities had begun nine months before. All three were mission veterans.

Sister Mercy was Elizabeth Hirschboeck from Milwaukee, a graduate of the Marquette University Medical school. She had been in Korea from 1931 until 1940, and knew the language.

She had gone to Bolivia during the war years to open a hospital in the rubber-growing jungles. It was a small hospital, but Sister Mercy had built up "the best-run hospital in Bolivia," as the president of the country said. In 1950 she had left South America, and

this was her new assignment: to start a clinic for refugees in Pusan.

To Sister Rose of Lima, also, Korea was not new. She had been Ann Robinson of Jersey City, a nurse and a pharmacist. She had been 11 years in Korea when the 2nd World War overtook the American missionaries there. After internment, she was repatriated to the States.

She returned to Korea in 1949, but was barely settled when war broke out afresh. Once more, she was sent away from her mission homeland. This time, however, it was only to Japan for those nine months. Now she, too, was coming "home."

Sister Augusta, on the other hand, was a China missionary. Sixteen years in the interior of China had given her a command of the Hakka dialect. Korean was strange to her. A nurse, she had been Mary Margaret Hock from Meadville, Pa., before she became a Sister.

The three Sisters spent no time

\*1438 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis 4, Mo. June, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Catholic Hospital Association of the U. S. and Canada, and reprinted with permission.

reminiscing. The first problem was to find a place to sleep in a town that had a million homeless refugees.

The convent they had vacated nine months before had been taken over by other Religious who had come down from the North before the advancing armies. But on the missions, there's always room for three more!

"The 20 Korean Sisters whom we had trained prewar moved into two large rooms to make room for us. Twenty exiled Carmelites are living in the house also. Two Korean priests have the rooms above the dispensary. Fifty to 60 lay people are crowded into other rooms. We are a big, happy family," one wrote that very night.

Word spread around to the crazy carton-shack villages, the flattened-tin-can palaces, the gunny-sack mansions: "American Sisters are here to help!" And out they came, the ragged and starving poor, who were also desperately ill.

Patients were knocking on the entrance lintel even before there was a door to knock on. Numbers grew. That first month, 2,212 patients were cared for at the clinic and some 525 house calls were made to the wretched living quarters encrusting Pusan's hills. The next month's figure leaped to 5,674, and the Sisters called for help.

Help came. Other Maryknoll Sisters' regions sent medical personnel. Another Sister-doctor came

from Japan, China sent two nurses, the Philippines contributed a nurse and a laboratory technician. Soon there were nine in the team, none too many for the task.

The lines of misery were unending. All day they filed through the doorways. All night they patiently huddled in the street outside so as to be first in the morning.

"There are 400 out there tonight," one of the Sisters wrote home. "When I wake at night, I can hear them, but very little noise for so great a crowd. They are most considerate; they keep quiet lest they disturb us. If sleep were not absolutely necessary, one would be tempted to work all day and all night, too."

By November, the crowds had reached a peak which has been maintained now for three and one-half years. An average of 2,000 patients a day are cared for.

Help came in other forms than that of Maryknoll Sisters. NCWC-War Relief services sent large shipments of medicines and milk. Army and navy boys, in their spare time, built waiting rooms and baby clinics and cement walks and a thousand useful things. Army nurses and doctors donated regular days of service to the cause. Korean doctors and nurses and, chiefly, the Korean Sisters, helped. The staff of Maryknollers grew, too. By the end of 1954, there were 22 Sisters there.

Work at the clinic began to ex-

pand into long-term treatment. The commonest diseases were those requiring months and even years of steady care. For instance, there are 400 children with tuberculosis of the spine. These must be brought to the clinic every once in a while to get the heavy cast changed. That means the mother must walk several miles with her load and stand for hours in a line.

For tuberculosis of the lung, the Sisters maintain a small house on the island of Young Do, near Pusan. It was put up as an emergency shelter for the many young men who were found dying of TB on the streets.

Special treatment for child malnutrition cases lasts over a long period. The Sisters call them "our peanut-butter babies." They will show you snapshots of the wretched little skeletons who came a year before and compare these with the chubby youngsters who now roll in for their peanut butter and milk. All malnutrition patients, both children and adult, come for gelatin, peanut butter, and jam as well as the regular staples.

The babies pull hardest on the heartstrings. Sometimes, 300 pounds of whole milk is given out in a day to infants whose mothers have died or, for some reason, are unable to feed them.

Another project has grown out of the dispensary work. That is Nazareth Workshop, where poor Korean women can earn money to

support their little ones. Sewing and weaving, they produce pretty things which servicemen are eager to send home.

The Maryknoll Sisters' clinic has drawn the attention of nearly every notable visitor to Pusan (and the un-notables, too!). United Nations committeemen, army, navy and marine officials, members of this or that commission, usually wind up with a tour through the clinic. William C. Bullitt, former ambassador to Russia, was so touched by what he saw that he wrote a memorable letter to the *New York Times*. Cardinal Spellman drops in regularly once a year when he spends his Christmas in Korea, and has left heartening gifts.

Oddly enough, no matter how secular-minded visitors may be, they all recognize the spiritual motives behind this great corporal work of mercy. In this sense, the clinic has accomplished much in showing to all men that it is the *Caritas Christi* which is the motive power for Catholic charity. As Ambassador Bullitt put it, "The light that shines from those Maryknoll Sisters and guides their patient hands is not of this world. Each day they give all they have to give of strength and skill and love. Often they come to the end of their earthly resources; but they are the help of the helpless, and always, when there is nothing, Someone provides."

Many have helped, and helped

enormously, but it was Gen. Richard S. Whitcomb, commanding officer of the Pusan military post, who paved the way for the new hospital. He organized the troops in Pusan as a reconstruction group, giving them something positive to work for. Housing projects, road building, construction and repair of schools, and seven new hospitals were on the program.

At a meeting of volunteer agencies, comprising representatives of Seventh Day Adventist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and other groups, mainly Protestant, it was freely voted to make the Maryknoll Sisters' hospital the largest of all those under consideration. This was in recognition of the fact that this clinic had served by far the greatest number of destitute refugees.

The construction of the 160-bed hospital will be largely the gift of the U.S. army. Furnishing and equipping it is, however, still a large financial burden on the Maryknoll congregation.

"Sister Mercy is her name!" one observer said as she watched this remarkable Sister caring for so many thousands of starving babies. But Sister Mercy had to leave Pusan, just as her clinic was expanding to a hospital. She had been assigned to begin a new hospital in Kansas City, Mo., or rather, to take over a remodeled hospital and make it the Queen of the World hospital, a nonsegregated, nonsectarian project.

As she left Pusan last November, the mayor of the city, Choe Byung Kyu, wrote in graceful Korean phrases: "You have made possible a large new hospital for the people of Pusan. When the lights are turned on in the early evening, all Pusan, and the world that comes to this great port, will look up to it standing on its high hill, and they will give thanks to Sister Mary Mercy Hirschboeck, M.D., and the great example she has given of the practical workings of the Faith she represents."

\* \* \*

### *Trespass Forgiven*

JIM SMITH is one of those erratic golfers who can clout a ball a terrific distance, but not always in the proper direction. His drive off the 13th tee sliced completely off the course, far into a neighboring farm. The ball was new; Jim hated to write it off. So with some misgiving he hopped the fence and went looking for it.

He had been searching about 15 minutes when he looked up to see a dear old lady watching him. He started guiltily, but she merely smiled and said, "I don't want to spoil your game, but would it be cheating if I told you where it is?"

*Wireco Life* (June '55).

*Scientists have traced headaches,  
glaucoma, bad hearing, and  
heart trouble to strange re-  
actions of the blood*

## Blame Your Allergy!

By LAWRENCE GALTON

Condensed from  
*Better Homes and Gardens\**

**B**IZARRE NEW forms of allergy have been crowding medical reports lately. Doctors cite cases ranging from allergies that affect the heart to an allergy that causes queer behavior.

Let disease germs get into your body, and your blood turns out antibodies to fight off the invaders. That's an allergic reaction. In many people, however, the blood is somehow fooled, and antibodies are turned out for dust, pollen, wheat, eggs, or other foreign substances which aren't necessarily harmful at all. A histamine or histamine-like chemical is produced then.

The chemical (like a cloud of radioactive dust after an atomic explosion) may land anywhere. It may settle on virtually any body organ, not just the skin or breathing passages.

Allergy can play many unpleas-

ant tricks on the eyes. One form is pink eye. Although styes most often come from infections, allergy may be involved when they recur persistently. One of the latest reports claims that even retinal detachment may be caused primarily by an allergy. The same report suggests that allergy may possibly play a rôle in nearsightedness. The suggestion is based on a five-year study in which an unusually high number of allergies to foods and pollens was found in a group of nearsighted patients. These patients seemed to have greatest loss of sight when sensitivity was high.

Dr. Conrad Behrens, a leading ophthalmologist, reported on three patients with glaucoma, which causes 12% of all blindness. They were checked for food allergies, and showed continued improvement after being placed on diets.

A few years ago, Dr. W. N. Sisk, of Kalamazoo, Mich., noted that many patients with hay fever, asthma, and other classic allergies also suffered sudden, excruciating pain or generalized muscular aches. Frequently, after treatment relieved the hay fever or allergy, the pain left.

In addition to foods and pollens, tobacco and such drugs as aspirin and penicillin may produce heart allergy, Dr. Joseph Harkavy of New York finds. In one study of 100 patients with coronary-artery disease, all heavy smokers, 44 showed allergic skin reactions to tobacco. The patients were relative-

\*1714 Locust St., Meredith Bldg., Des Moines 3, Iowa, July, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Meredith Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.



ly young, averaging 45 years of age.

In any case of undue fatigue and weakness, a recent *Annals of Allergy* report stresses, allergy should always be suspected after organic problems are ruled out. Otherwise, "patients unjustifiably may be stigmatized as psychoneurotic or even psychotic."

Dr. Hal M. Davidson, of Atlanta, Ga., became interested in cerebral allergy some years ago when a 37-year-old lawyer complained of slight headaches and hive outbreaks. Frequently, the patient was unable to speak plainly. At times, too, he would almost lose consciousness, and be forced to sit down. This could happen anywhere, even in the middle of a street. The lawyer reported that this condition frequently occurred after, but only after, he had eaten eggs, crabs, oysters or strawberries.

Since 1935, Dr. Davidson and colleagues have studied 5,000 patients with marked insomnia, sluggish thinking, stuttering, depression, general unhappiness—all traced to allergy and relieved by allergy treatment.

Where does allergy stop? Nobody knows. The study of allergies is a relatively young field, particularly when it comes to exploring the bizarre new forms.

Even the most fervent of the allergy experts are careful to point out that allergy is not invariably the cause of any particular ailment. It's one possible cause. It may, for

example, explain one case of epilepsy or high blood pressure, but the same disease in another person may have an entirely different cause.

Many authorities believe that the allergy experts have a point about the rôle of allergy in many ailments, but they think the allergists haven't yet proved it conclusively. Much more research needs to be done before scientific evidence is satisfactory.

What about treatment?

Avoidance of allergy-causing substances is the surest method. This is often easy when it's a matter of a food or a few foods. It hasn't been easy with substances we breathe. Many causes of allergies can't be avoided, but desensitization treatments often help. Starting with injections of weak extracts of the allergy-causing substances, doses are gradually built up until the patient develops a greater tolerance.

Antihistamine drugs are helpful in relieving symptoms. A large number are available; where one does not work, another often will do the trick.

The hormones ACTH and cortisone have produced dramatic relief in many severe allergies which have not yielded to other measures.

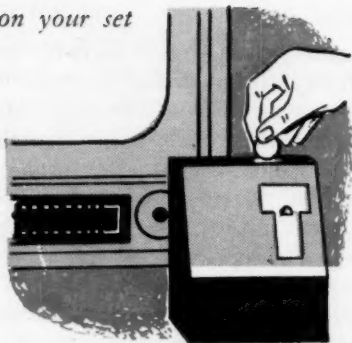
What's already on the record about allergy promises to be of striking benefit for people with curious illnesses. For them, there's good hope now for new vigor and health.

*The fight is on to put a coin meter on your set*

## TV: Fee or Free?

By BEN GROSS

Condensed from the New York Daily News\*



TIME for that big Broadway show," said John Q. Fan, sauntering into the living room of his home in Centralia, Ill.

"Thought we'd be seeing *Aida*," said Mrs. John Q., looking up from her knitting.

"Naw, the opera's tomorrow night," said John. "Yes, sir, this pay TV sure is wonderful. Broadway openings, fine movies, champ fights—and all without leaving home."

At the same time, across our East river, a Brooklyn set owner turned to TV for entertainment. "Think I'll look in on that Dodgers-Giants game," he told his wife as he left the dinner table.

"Fifty cents more down the drain!" she grumbled. "You used to see baseball for nothing!"

"You should complain!" said the Dodger rooter. "You've already spent ten bucks this month for TV movies!"

The first scene is the bright future forecast by advocates of pay TV. The second is what opponents of pay-as-you-see are predicting. Who is right?

The issue of pay TV is being debated more heatedly and is arousing greater interest than any other ever faced by the Federal Communications commission.

Fcc's final decision will shape TV programming for years to come. It will also touch the pocketbook of everyone who owns one of almost 36 million television sets now operating in the U.S.

Advocates of pay TV say it will destroy the "monopoly" of the giant networks and increase the number of competing independent stations.

But the opponents of toll TV tell a different story. Brig. Gen. David Sarnoff, chairman of the boards of RCA and its subsidiary, NBC, warns that it will "degrade and ultimately destroy" free television. Pres. Frank Stanton of CBS, Inc., attacks pay-as-you-see as a "betrayal" of those who have already spent more than \$13½ billion for their receiving sets.

The stakes in the battle are tre-

\*220 E. 42nd St., New York City 17. June 19, 1955. Copyright 1955 by News Syndicate Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

mendous—billions, not millions, of dollars. Some estimate that the minimum take from viewers would approximate \$3½ billion a year. Stanton, for example, believes that one World Series game might gross \$6 million or more, and if only 5% of the families who now watch the Sunday night Ed Sullivan show free paid 50¢, they would be nicked for \$375,000.

Among those in favor of toll TV are the developers of the three systems now seeking the approval of the fcc: Zenith Radio Corp., the Skiatron Electronic and Television Corp., and the International Telemeter Corp.

Eighty per cent of the stock of International Telemeter is owned by Paramount Pictures. This may seem odd, since the most virulent enemies of pay TV include exhibitors, the operators of the film theaters. But remember that movie producers no longer control these theaters; they are forbidden to do so by federal decree.

Propaganda mills of both sides are grinding at top speed. This September, the fcc will probably begin hearing testimony.

Then the fcc, headed by Chairman George C. McConaughy, will have to study the official transcript. After deliberation and discussion, a decision will be reached. However, the commission's verdict will not decide the issue. For any one of the parties may still prolong the proceedings by an appeal to the

courts. So even if the fcc should approve, pay TV is not expected to become a reality for a year or two.

For the average fan to be able to make a choice between free and toll TV, he must have answers to some of his questions.

### *How would pay TV operate?*

Unless new outlets were built, programs would have to be telecast over the channels of existing stations. During a toll program your set would pick up a series of crazy, mixed-up, jagged lines, plus a buzzing, humming sound, until you had "unscrambled" these. The only way you could do that would be by manipulating a gadget attached to your receiver, known as a decoder, or by dropping a coin into a box, also attached to your set. Then the sound would become understandable and a clear picture would appear on the screen.

### *What systems of pay TV are asking to be licensed?*

Three: Zenith's Phonevision, Skiatron, and Telemeter.

### *How do these systems work?*

Phonevision (so called because the original intent was to service subscribers via the telephone lines) would attach a decoder about the size of a portable radio to your receiving set. Before you could set this decoder to bring in a good picture, you would have to have certain information.

But this information would be available only on a card issued by Zenith, a card which you would obtain either via the mails or from a vending machine. Automatically, a record would be kept of each program you saw, and at the end of the month you would receive a bill.

Skiatron also uses a decoder. Into its slot you insert a card developed by the International Business Machines Corp.

Then you press down a little button which not only brings in the desired program but also makes a record of it on the card, with the charges. At the end of the month, you send the card to Skiatron's local franchise holder with a check or money order for the amount due.

Telemeter uses a coin box, attached to your receiver. You have a list of programs, with the "admission charge" for each, and deposit the proper amount. Then, at regular intervals, a collector comes to remove the accumulated coins.

*How much would these gadgets cost?*

Estimates vary from \$25 to \$100. But Skiatron says it will provide a decoder for about \$25 "after mass production is achieved."

There would, of course, also be an installation fee. However, it is possible that the companies might lease rather than sell these attachments to the public.

*How many hours a day would pay TV be on the air?*

The FCC would have to decide that. Zenith suggests that no station devote more than 15% of its time to toll television. Others advocate a maximum of 35 hours a week.

*With pay programs on the air, what would happen in communities with only one TV station?*

Nonsubscribers would be deprived of TV entertainment while toll programs were being transmitted, unless a system were developed to telecast two programs simultaneously over the same channel. Paramount Pictures, backer of Telemeter, has proposed a plan for such a system to the FCC. If it should work, a station could provide its viewers with its regular programs while, at the same time, it could be telecasting a subscription show.

*How much would you have to pay for shows?*

Estimates range from as low as 5¢ to as high as \$3.

Zenith, during its successful test of showing movies on Phonevision in Chicago in 1951, charged \$1 for each picture. Telemeter, which had success in transmitting movies later in Palm Springs, Calif., collected from 85¢ to \$1.25 per feature. On the other hand, the Brooklyn Dodgers are thinking of a 50¢ charge for each game.

*Is there really a danger that certain shows now seen free would eventually transfer to pay TV?*

The toll television advocates say this is "ridiculous," but their opponents warn that it would be "inevitable." Many of the big stars like the idea. Jackie Gleason, for example, foresees most of the good shows on a toll basis.

*What are the principal arguments of those who favor pay TV?*

One of the leading toll advocates is a pioneer in the field, Comdr. Eugene F. McDonald, Jr., president of Zenith. He and his company have been experimenting with pay TV for 24 years and have spent almost \$5 million on its development.

McDonald points to last season's presentation of *Peter Pan*, with Mary Martin, on NBC, as the kind of show which is too expensive for sponsorship on free television. Its estimated cost was about \$450,000; but that would be peanuts in pay video, because the income from the same audience at 25¢ a set would have grossed \$5 million!

"I am just asking for the chance of putting subscription television on the market," he says. "If the public doesn't approve of it, we will fail. If the public likes what we have to offer, we will succeed."

Millard C. Faught, economic adviser to Zenith, also scouts the argument that with pay TV on the scene you'll have to pay for Lucille Ball, Jackie Gleason, George

Gobel, Martha Raye, and other stars of free television.

"Consider sports," Faught urges. "Do you realize that all heavy-weight championship prize fights since 1950 have been unavailable on home television? But you could see them at high prices in theaters. And now these theater interests are expecting to buy up the World Series."

That toll TV would not replace free television but would serve merely as a supplementary service is a point emphasized by Arthur Levey, president of Skiatron. He predicts that when pay TV is authorized the public will become "partners in one of the great entertainment adventures of our time."

"There is no question about the public's being fed up with mediocrity and the lack of imagination in the program fare dished out to them," Levey states flatly. "The ratings prove it."

Some interesting figures are cited by Paul MacNamara, vice president of Telemeter, to blast the charge that pay TV would eventually displace the free variety.

"New York City and, I think, Los Angeles use a total of approximately 36,000 hours of TV programming a year," he says.

"However, all the Hollywood pictures, plus the big-league baseball and the major NCAA football games, such events as the Kentucky Derby, all-star charity shows, and

so on, would consume only about 2,500 hours annually."

In other words, there would still be some 33,500 hours available for free shows.

As proof of the public's willingness to pay for movies on TV, MacNamara cites the six-month test conducted by Telemeter in Palm Springs. There, some 270 home sets were equipped with coin boxes. Although for most of the time only second and third-run pictures were shown (some of them could have been tuned in free from a station in near-by Los Angeles), subscribers continued to pay from 85¢ to \$1.25 a feature. The average monthly take from each coin box was between \$8 and \$9.

"And we found out that the reason they were willing to pay, even for poor pictures, was to get rid of the commercials," he says.

All of this sounds enticing enough. That is, until the leaders of the fight against subscription television present their case.

*What are the most telling arguments offered in favor of continuing the present system of free TV for all?*

General Sarnoff has told the FCC that if pay TV comes, the outstanding stars and sports events will go on a toll basis. Also, that public-service programming will suffer, because it is doubtful that subscription TV men will offer many periods devoted to culture,

information, or religious programs.

"The most popular stars and program material could vanish from free television just as soon as they had demonstrated their drawing power and were attracted by the cash box of pay-television promoters. Free television programming would thus suffer irreparably and the public would have to pay for what it now receives free," says Sarnoff.

Pay TV advocates contend that as a result of their innovation many more stations would go on the air, especially on the ultrahigh frequencies, where most channels are unused at this time. Skiatron, in fact, says that its decoder will contain a converter enabling each owner to obtain UHF reception of Skiatron programs where UHF is used by the transmitting station.

But Sarnoff remarks, "None of the pay television promoters even remotely suggests that he would risk any investment of his own to build stations for pay television. Each of the pay-television promoters wishes to use, without any investment of his own, the facilities free television has built and supports."

Even if you paid for your programs, would there be any guarantee that you still would not have to endure commercials? The head of RCA-NBC points out that the official petitions asking for toll TV carefully avoid any promise that it would not carry advertising.



Sarnoff believes that pay TV may be a matter to be resolved by Congress, not the FCC, "because it would come into the home like gas, light, and telephone service for which the consumer pays."

If toll television is treated as a public utility, regulated on a common-carrier basis, this, in turn, might lead to government regulation of all radio and TV, a dangerous threat.

"Pay TV would hijack the American public," in the view of Frank Stanton, president of CBS, Inc. "Pay-TV promoters say they would be satisfied if they got \$100 a year from the average family. On this basis, today's TV audience would pay some \$3½ billion a year—more than it pays for shoes and electricity—for watching far fewer programs than it now watches free of charge."

Much has been said about the public's distaste for TV commercials, but, actually, says Robert E. Kintner, president of ABC, the fans like the commercials which make free TV possible.

How does he know this? Well, his network's research department called 750 viewers and found that 88% of them regarded the plugs as "informative" or "interesting."

Two of the most vocal leaders of the opposition to toll TV, Alfred Starr and Trueman T. Rembusch, serve as co-chairmen of the Committee Against Pay-To-See TV. This is one of the several organiza-

tions comprising The Organizations for Free TV.

Starr, a Nashville, Tenn., theater-chain owner, predicts that pay television would extract from "the average family \$1,156 a year for types of programs now received free." Furthermore, he asks whether all of the three pay-TV systems will be licensed. And, in that event, "must TV-set owners attach three separate decoders to their television sets?"

Rembusch, past president of the Allied Theater Owners of Indiana, also doubts that pay TV would offer a rich menu of cultural and educational programs. Free television, after all, can boast of a goodly number of attractions in this category: *Omnibus*, *Meet the Press*, *American Forum*, *Adventure*, *The March of Medicine*, and so on.

The Starr-Rembusch forces make another significant point: "More than 50% of all television sets are used by families with incomes of less than \$5,000 a year, and the great majority of sets are being purchased on time payments." So the expense of pay TV "must be borne by the segment of the American public least able to pay."

There are, of course, many more arguments, pro and con.

The truth, most likely, lies somewhere in between. But this may be said: many impartial observers believe that, eventually, in some form or other, some pay TV is inevitable.

# Perón's War on the Church

*The reasons for it are found by an eminent reporter to be age-old and rather familiar*

By HERBERT L. MATTHEWS

Condensed from the *Reporter*\*

**I** SPENT nearly two months of the past year in Argentina, and I asked almost every citizen I met to explain what was behind Perón's attack on the Catholic Church. Plenty of people were eager to tell me exactly why he got involved in the conflict. But no two explanations were the same.

I visited ten countries from Mexico to Argentina, and everywhere the chief topic of interest was not the hydrogen bomb, Formosa, nor the new look in Russia, but "What about Perón? Why is he attacking the Church?"

Why, indeed? The Church had helped Perón consolidate his power in 1943-1946. Never in the last decade have Church authorities done anything to antagonize him. The record is one of which no Argentine Catholic is proud—and that includes some of the priests I talked to. But even though the Peron-

ist-Catholic honeymoon had long since ended, there was no disposition to stir up trouble or to seek martyrdom.

The Church in Argentina has a tradition of keeping out of politics. The people, being originally Spanish and now mostly of Spanish and Italian descent, are between 90 and 95% Catholic. Catholicism has been state supported since Argentine independence was declared in 1816. However, while the government subsidized the Church, it took away Church lands and property, regulated the exercise of Church patronage, and kept an eye on all religious matters that concerned the national interest.

The Church had its place and was kept in it. The clergy showed no inclination to mix in politics. No political parties arose to champion the cause of the Church or to campaign against it.



\*220 E. 42nd St., New York City 17. June 16, 1955. Copyright 1955 by the Fortnightly Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

The evil geniuses of modern Argentina were the military leaders who staged the revolt in 1930 that led to the dictatorship of Perón. However, the army clique was not immediately recognized as evil by the Church leaders, who followed the traditional Spanish principle of *regalismo*, support of the ruling power.

To many bishops, the budding Peronist movement from 1943 to 1946, with its appeal to the *descamisados*, or shirtless ones, looked like a variation of Christian social teaching, Leo XIII style.

In 1944, under General Ramírez's government (with Colonel Perón as the power behind the scenes), Catholic teaching was made obligatory in state schools. Perón made promises and the Church backed him in the elections of 1946 when he won his first Presidential term. For a time, Perón kept his promises. His new Constitution of 1949 reaffirmed government support of the Catholic faith. He arranged for teaching priests to be paid out of state funds and for private religious schools to be subsidized.

When Perón came out in his true colors (flanked by Evita Duarte) as a demagogue and fomentor of class hatreds, with no scruples, no respect for property or persons, for justice or human rights—Church leaders had second thoughts, but it was too late. The Church, therefore, sat still, waiting for time to play its role.

Perón did not sit still. He struck one blow after another at the structure of Argentine Church-state relations—all the time protesting that he had nothing whatever against the Church or the Catholic religion.

Again one asks, Why? True, he had lost the active support of the clergy, but he had nothing to fear from the Church, which was minding its own nonpolitical business. Perhaps it will help if we try to put ourselves in his place.

As an absolute dictator, Juan Domingo Perón was concerned above all with two related problems: his security and his popularity. By last year, every individual, every organization, and every element of society that could challenge his position had been broken—except one. The exception was the Catholic Church.

He complained that it was "infiltrating" into the Peronist party, the schools and universities, the trade unions, youth organizations, women's auxiliaries, the professional societies.

There was also Argentine Catholic Action. Catholic organizations and movements might not be anti-Peronist but neither would they be pro-Peronist. If an opposition were to be formed in Argentina, from where else could it come?

Perón wasn't going to wait for possible enemies to get strong. Besides, he may well have spotted a real danger. It lay in the rebirth of a Christian Democratic move-

ment, centered in the deeply Catholic city of Córdoba, 400 miles northwest of Buenos Aires.

"Learned Córdoba," with its aristocratic Spanish traditions and its famous university, one of the oldest in the Western Hemisphere, never could stomach the upstart Perón nor his mistress (later his wife), the late Evita Duarte. One of the first things Perón did after he became President of Argentina in 1946 was to purge the university's teaching staff. Also, one of the first things he did in his new campaign against the Church last fall was to put in a stooge as rector and again purge the staff of anyone who showed signs of religious zeal. Since Córdoba is the heart of Argentine Catholicism, that finished the university. (When I visited it, I found it to be a pathetic shadow of its former self.)

But the real life of the city is now outside the university. In talking to dozens of Córdoba's leading citizens in the course of a week's stay, I got a truly impressive sense of the opposition that Perón faced: the only Peronists were those who had a material stake in the regime.

A meeting of the principal Córdoban leaders was called for my benefit in the home of one of them. We had to meet secretly and the individuals had to be summoned in person, for phones were tapped and letters were censored. The group was an intellectual, professional, and social elite.

In Argentina, Christian Democracy was originally cultural. But it became a typical Christian Democratic movement along the lines of the European parties, Catholic in philosophy but eclectic in its appeal, and seeking an existence independent of the Church.

It is not a strong party, but how could it be in Perón's Argentina? To create a new political party, one needs popular leaders. There must be mass meetings, administrative work, public discussions in the press, advertising, and propaganda. An organization must be built from the top down through federal, provincial, municipal, and local groups. The local organizations have to keep in touch with those in other cities and in the capital.

Furthermore, the Christian Democratic movement never had the support of the Church. The bishops were suspicious and diffident. Only when the Church needed defenders and found champions among the Christian Democrats have any of the bishops shown an inclination to encourage the movement. Many of the younger priests were in favor of Christian Democracy. Perón was driving the Church into the arms of the Christian Democrats, or vice versa. Again one asks, Why?

Perhaps Perón wanted to put across certain laws and felt that the best way was to attack the Church and arouse popular feeling

against the clergy. This was what he proceeded to do.

At the end of last September, President Perón criticized the *Juventud Obrera Católica* (Catholic Youth Workers) for their activities in the factories. In October came a decree giving illegitimate children the same legal rights as those born in wedlock. On Nov. 10, the General Confederation of Labor (run by Peronists) launched a campaign against what it called Catholic infiltration into key positions in trade unions.

That was also the day of Perón's declaration of war against the Church, or, as he put it, against certain "evil shepherds" and "bad priests" among the clergy who were presumably meddling in politics. It was one of the major speeches of his career, delivered to an imposing gathering of provincial governors and political and labor leaders. He accused three bishops of being "enemies of the government," and a number of priests of "illicit activities."

In December came three important measures. One, prohibiting public meetings, was aimed at religious processions. The second, on divorce, was put through after 3 A.M. of Dec. 14 by a specially summoned session of Congress. Then, a few days later, came a decree

legalizing prostitution, which had been banned in Argentina since 1937.

All through the fall and winter, step after step was taken against religious teaching in the state schools and against the 1,000 or so private religious schools with their 300,000 pupils. Of all Perón's measures, this alarmed the Church leaders most. By spring, the subsidies to religious schools had been reduced; some schools were closed; the national Department of Religious Teaching created in 1946 by Perón had been abolished; and many schools were being prosecuted for allegedly fraudulent use of state subsidies.

In April, the teaching of Catholic religion and morals, which had been made obligatory in 1944 in all state schools, was abandoned. At least 150 priests from the staffs of universities and schools throughout Argentina and many teaching nuns were dismissed. So were a number of priest-magistrates, and the leaders of Catholic Action have spent time in jail.

Toward the end of May came the most spectacular move of all. Perón's rubber-stamp Congress passed a bill to call a Constitutional convention with the purpose of changing provisions of the Constitution favorable to the Church.



Perón was powerful enough to do everything that he did without having to depict the Church as an enemy of the people or of the government.

Was he clearing the way to bringing up a new generation of pro-Perón students and hence to eliminate the religious element in education? Perón formed a Union of Secondary Students, on whom he showered attention and material benefits. The university students were all staunchly anti-Peronist and therefore hopeless from the President's viewpoint.

Was he creating a diversion, that time-honored tactic of all dictators in trouble? It is always helpful to occupy the public mind with something dramatic and exciting.

Perón, like Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and other totalitarians, had a religion of his own to substitute for the established Church, but it was different from any of the others. They made nazism, fascism, and communism into secular religions, with themselves as the prime objects of worship. Up to a point Perón did this, too, but his variant was to provide a substitute for the Blessed Virgin instead of a substitute for God.

A priest in Córdoba told me that orders had been issued to the parish priests through the local Peronist party branches to devote this year to "the mystique of Evita," the President's wife, who died three years ago. She was depicted with

halos around her head. A primary-school textbook showed in its opening pages a picture of Christ on one side and on the opposite page a picture of Evita in heaven, an exact equivalent of the Virgin. Evita's name was to be found everywhere—"The Spiritual Leader of the Nation," "The Light of the Humble," and so forth. Prayers were drawn up to—not for—her.

Perhaps, then, Perón believed he could dispense with the Church. Like all absolute rulers, he had a touch of megalomania.

Perón denied from the beginning that he really had any quarrel with the Church. One wonders what he meant by "the Church." If the hierarchy, priesthood, worshippers, Catholic Action, and other Catholic organizations and the laymen who head them are not part of the Church, what are they? If a priest delivers a sermon on the martyrdom of the early Christians and then is arrested for disrespect for the Peronist regime (I know of one such case), is this not an attack on the Church?\*

All struggles with the Church are fundamentally unequal, since dictators are mortal and the Church goes on forever. But Perón was not worrying about eternity; he was concerned during this last year with his tenure in office, which he obviously intended to stretch through the rest of his life.

\*The church burnings during the June rebellion occurred after this was written.



*Never-Never Land has moved to Anaheim, California*

# Disney's Wonderland

By FLORABEL MUIR

Condensed from the New York  
*Sunday News*\*



THE MOST spectacular idea that Walt Disney has come up with in 30 years of profitable day-dreaming became reality July 18 when his one-man world's fair, Disneyland, opened at Anaheim, California.

I've just taken a tour of this \$17-million, 210-acre wonderland. My guide was the boss himself.

"Disneyland is a fabulous playground," he said. "Something of a fair, a city from the Arabian Nights, a metropolis of the future, a showpiece of magic and living facts, but above all, a place for people to find happiness and knowledge. It's something I dreamed up years ago."

It would take about a week to see all of Disneyland.

We entered the grounds through an old-time railroad station and climbed into a scaled-down replica of the locomotives that puffed their way west three-quarters of a century ago. The shiny little engine will pull six coaches carrying 300 passengers around the mile-and-a-

half perimeter of Disneyland. Sharing the engineer's seat with Disney was a grinning Mickey Mouse, the first product of Disney's imagination and founder of his fortunes.

Back at the station, Walt called my attention to a reproduction of a Main St. of the last century. "Complete even to horse-drawn streetcars that the visitors can ride," Walt said proudly. The buildings are not false fronts, like those on studio lots in Hollywood. Each has four walls and a roof, and is scaled down to 80% of full size.

The plaza at the end of Main St. is the hub from which the visitor will reach the four divisions of Disneyland: Tomorrowland, Fantasyland, Frontierland and Adventureland.

Tomorrowland is identified by a towering, pylon-like space rocket.

\*220 E. 42d St., New York City 17. July 10, 1955. Copyright 1955 by News Syndicate Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

"That symbolizes the scientific achievements that will be as familiar to the young people of tomorrow as Main St. is to you and me," Walt said. "Kids and grown-ups can take a 'trip to the moon' from here."

Those who like to dwell in the past can explore the wild frontier, where Davy Crockett hangs around. To go back into history you pass through the gates of an old log blockhouse guarding Frontierland, where Indians decked out in skins, beads, and feathers will grunt "How" at visiting palefaces.

Western-type stores and buildings—the marshal's office, the jail, the general store, and every other enterprise you've ever seen in a horse opera—line the boardwalks of the town. You can ride a buckboard, a covered wagon or stagecoach through the Painted Desert, infested with Disney creatures.

From a river dock in Frontierland you can board a 105-foot stern-wheel steamboat, the *Mark Twain*, for a cruise on pumped rivers of America.

The section of the playground called Fantasyland is what the younger kids go for. "This is the world of imagination," Walt told me dreamily as we stood across the moat from a soaring, pastel-tinted fairy castle. The drawbridge clanked into place, and we crossed into a courtyard where a King Arthur carousel whirled. Up a set of stone steps we found Sleeping Beauty.

Fantasyland offers alluring rides, though nothing like those found in a conventional amusement park. There's the Peter Pan that takes you flying over a moonlit London in a pirate galleon to a Never-Never Land of mermaids, buccaneers, Indians, and lost little boys. There's the Snow White that carries you to the wicked witch's den.

The section of the park that I fell for the hardest is Adventureland. It is a Tahitian settlement with a rich display of tropical birds, fish, shells, and flowers. An explorer's boat takes you down a tropical river, where an electrical impulse starts lifelike plastic crocodiles swimming toward the boat. On the lush banks of the river are rhinos, hippos, elephants, and lions that grunt, trumpet, and roar.

Next year Walt plans to build International St., an exhibit depicting a portion of each of the world's major cities except those behind the Iron Curtain. He'll never finish the project, nor does he want to. He'll never run out of new toys.

Walt is a very practical dreamer. Disneyland was thought out to the last profit potential. He's built himself a dream world which will be paid for by the millions who are expected to flock in, and by the concessionaires who'll cater to them.

With Disneyland going full blast, about 1,100 people will be on payrolls running to better than \$125,000 a week. It will be possible to handle 60,000 visitors a day.

# The Crown and the Shadow

Review by FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

Book Editor, THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

**C**INDERELLA is more than a story in a little child's picture book. It has been covered by the newspapers of the world in screaming headlines. Wallis Simpson and Edward Windsor, Carol of Roumania and Madame Lupescu. The commoner marries the king. Such stories are a spur to the romance in every woman's heart. They point up the qualities she expects to inspire in her own man—love and loyalty that will stand though all the world falls down. For it *is* love that makes the world go round, if men and women can understand what love demands.

Of all the Cinderella stories of history, that of Françoise d' Aubigny, later known as Marquise de Maintenon, is the most extraordinary. She was born behind the cold gray walls of Niort prison in France. Her father was a Huguenot malcontent, son of Agrippa d' Aubigny, the general of Henry IV who brought partial peace to France.

Being a jailbird's child might easily have ruined the girl's life. The mother of Françoise had the child baptized a Catholic, but her

father did everything he could to sway his daughter toward Huguenot beliefs. The family was exiled to Martinique.

There, in the West Indies, the struggle for the soul of Françoise continued. She finally returned to France with her mother. The beautiful child was shunted about among her relations. No one would be responsible for her. They treated her like a poor relation. She herded turkeys in the wide pastures, fed the horses, while the battle over her religion went on.

Françoise was sent to convent schools. She read and studied, and learned to love many of the nuns. In a moment of tremendous decision, she chose for herself, and became a Catholic. Beautiful, tall, dark, witty—no one could believe this was the wisp of a child they had known in Martinique.

Françoise met the poet Paul Scarron. He was Jackie Gleason and Bob Hope rolled up into one. Paul was the great wit of the age. With his poems and sparkling sayings he attracted to himself all the wits of Paris. This was the more astonishing since the poet was bent almost double with arthritis, scarce-

ly more than a bundle of bones informed with the lightning of the mind. The motherly heart of Françoise was moved to pity, and beyond pity to love. She married Scarron, and for the rest of his life nursed him and ran his house with efficient calmness.

Her ability to manage things brought Françoise to the attention of the court. Louis XIV was the king. He was building his great palace of Versailles. Arbiter of France and Europe, Louis XIV was an autocrat fawned on and adulated like a god. The sun was the king's chosen symbol, and he thought of himself as the Sun King. The sun motif ran through all the rooms of the new sprawling palace, even into the chapel, where the seats faced the king's tribune instead of the altar.

Louis was married to an ugly Spanish princess. The king neglected his queen. His high-heeled red shoes carried him to one beauty of the court after another. Mistress followed mistress, and the king's whims became law above the Ten Commandments. Bishop and royal chaplains might thunder at the king in Lent. If their blasts worked a change in the king, it would be short-lived. Within a few days he would be back in the fleshpots, pursuing his own will.

Into this disgraceful atmosphere of wickedness that stank to heaven came Françoise d' Aubigny. She had been hired to look after

the king's illegitimate children by the Marquise de Montespan, as beautiful as she was wicked.

Françoise filled her new post with the loving attention she gave life. She lavished on the innocent children of the king all the love she had treasured in her heart for the children she never had.

The king at first disliked the widow Scarron. From under his flowing periwig his cold eyes poured scorn on the quiet woman who did not fear to deny his will or put him in his place. But he had to respect her for her integrity of heart and mind, her calm competence, flashing out at him from the nun-like frame of her wimple. Gradually, Françoise saved enough money to buy land and a house at Maintenon. She started a school for poor girls.

A public investigation into the scandal of the black Mass and witchcraft exposed the full evil of de Montespan. She was banished.

It was in this moment, when the foundations of the king's esteem crumbled, that Louis XIV, his "most Christian majesty," as he was called, proposed to Françoise that she should take the place of de Montespan. Françoise rejected the dishonor, and sent Louis back to his sworn love for the queen. There was not much time for the neglected woman to enjoy her husband's change of heart. From the king's northern progress through Flanders the queen was brought

back to die in the arms of Françoise, now Madame de Maintenon.

The climate of Versailles was changed. It was sober and chaste, where it had once been frivolous and evil. At the heart of the change was Françoise d'Aubigny. The queen's death opened the way for the marriage of Louis and Françoise. In a secret ceremony before the Archbishop of Paris and a few trusted nobles, Françoise de Maintenon became the second wife of Louis XIV.

Françoise lived to a great age. Her school for poor girls at Maintenon was richly endowed by the king. It was some reparation for

his years of debauchery and pride.

This colorful novel of a great woman's life and heart was written by Pamela Hill, now studying medicine at the University of Glasgow. It is the exciting adult story of a woman who shone like a star above the magnificent darkness of a wicked age. Françoise de Maintenon knew that love *does* make the world go round. She wouldn't settle for less.

*The Crown and the Shadow* is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, at \$3.50. Catholic Digest Book Club members receive this 314-page book for \$2.95, plus postage. See advertisement on page 3.

### *Pied Piper in Reverse*

Hal Harper, of Los Angeles, Calif., lays claim to being World's Champion Lost Kid Finder. Any contender will be hard put to match his record of reuniting an estimated 75,000 mislaid moppets with their parents during the last 25 years.

Harper got started on his unique full-time career back in 1928, when he lost track of his own young son and daughter at a county fair. Not only did he find his AWOL kids in jig time, but he also came across three other wandering tots, and restored them to their parents.

Recognizing that he had an unusual talent, he offered his services as professional kid hunter to the fair's distraught manager. Since then he has worked the year around all over the West fulfilling contracts at fairs, celebrations, and other events where large crowds create a demand for his peculiar services.

He drives a white-painted midget auto up and down midways and through exhibition halls, keeping an eye out for bewildered small fry. His equipment includes a loud speaker for paging parents, a radiotelephone, and toys, ice cream, and lollipops for the kids. Just to complete the picture, he wears a hunter's pith helmet. During 1952, a banner year, he turned up 6,450 lost tots.

*Josephinum Review* (29 June '55).

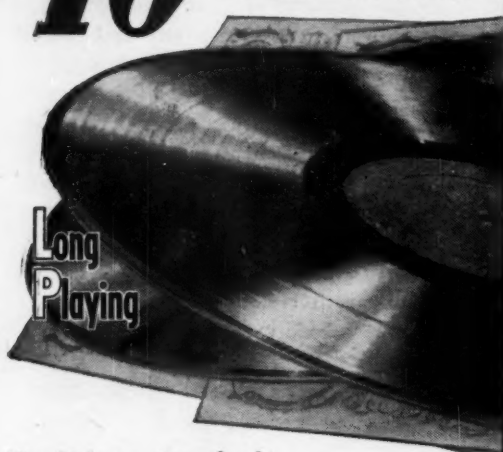
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Send 250 gummed labels imprinted with my name and address. Also send "Extra Money" Plan and samples of Phillips Religious and other Christmas and Year-Round greeting card assortments *on approval*. The 250 gummed labels are mine to keep free. I will return the assortments (without cost or obligation) UNLESS I find that merely showing them to other folks can provide me with an easy way to make extra money.

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(Please **PRINT** Your Name and Address **VERY CLEARLY**)

Address.....

City.....State.....



NO POSTAGE  
STAMP NEEDED

Cut Out and  
Mail This Card  
Now for Your  
Free Box of  
250  
Gummed Labels!

SEE OFFER ON  
OTHER SIDE

Mrs. Jane Doe  
32 America Drive  
Indianapolis, Ind.

(shown here actual size)

*Mrs. George*  
*Sc*

Mrs. Jane Doe  
32 America Drive  
Indianapolis, Ind.

**FREE BOX OF 250 GUMMED LABELS**

PRINTED WITH  
**YOUR NAME and ADDRESS**

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**Make Good Money**  
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THE postcard below will bring you a box of 250 gummed labels with *your* name and address printed on each one. They have dozens of handy uses—for identification on envelopes, letterheads, packages, books, personal belongings, etc. They are yours FREE—whether or not you do anything about the Phillips "Extra Money" Plan.

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Card assortments, *on approval*. Just show them to your friends, neighbors and relatives. The cards are so unusual, so *different*, that no "selling" is needed. Your friends will thank you for "letting them in" on these wonderful bargains. When they find they can get a whole box-full for only \$1, lots of folks order 3 and 4 boxes at a time. And YOU make as much as 55¢ on each box ordered. Soon you have \$50, \$100, or more, to spend as you like.

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